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Luultanian War-Song ——— 135





SONGS, BALLADS,

AND

SACRED SONGS.

BY THOMAS MOORE.



"As once a Grecian maiden wove." . . . page 95

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LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IT having been represented to the Publishers, that the Songs and Ballads of the Author of "Lalla Rookh" had never been given to the Public in a form at once complete and easily accessible, they have been induced to collect and print them uniformly with the editions of "The Irish Melodies" and "Lalla Rookh," recently published. Besides the well-known "National Airs" and "Sacred Songs," this volume contains all the Songs and Ballads that are included in the collective edition of Mr. Moore's Works, and thus offers, in a small compass, the whole of those beautiful compositions, with many of which, in their musical settings, the public are so familiar.

November, 1849.

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SONGS, BALLADS,

&c.

HAVE YOU NOT SEEN THE TIMID TEAR.

Susanna had eyes
HAVE you not seen the timid tear,
Steal trembling from mine eye?
Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
Or caught the murmur'd sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fix'd on you alone?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move,
Devoutly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith be o'er,
If still my truth you'll try;
Alas, I know but *one* proof more—
I'll bless your name, and die!

REUBEN AND ROSE.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

THE darkness that hung upon Willumberg's walls
Had long been remember'd with awe and dismay;
For years not a sunbeam had play'd in its halls,
And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day.

Though the valleys were brighten'd by many a beam,
Yet none could the woods of that castle illume;
And the lightning, which flash'd on the neighbouring
stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

“Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse!”
Said Willumberg's lord to the Seer of the Cave;—
“It can never dispel,” said the wizard of verse,
“Till the bright star of chivalry sinks in the wave!”

And who was the bright star of chivalry then?
Who *could* be but Reuben, the flow'r of the age?
For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
Though Youth had scarce written his name on her
page.

For Willumberg's daughter his young heart had beat,—
For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
It walks o'er the flow'rs of the mountain and lawn.

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?

Sad, sad were the words of the Seer of the Cave,
That darkness should cover that castle for ever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!

To the wizard she flew, saying, "Tell me, oh, tell!

Shall my Reuben no more be restor'd to my eyes?"
"Yes, yes—when a spirit shall toll the great bell
Of the mould'ring abbey, your Reuben shall rise!"

Twice, thrice he repeated "Your Reuben shall rise!"

And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain;
And wiped, while she listen'd, the tears from her eyes,
And hop'd she might yet see her hero again.

That hero could smile at the terrors of death,

When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose;
To the Oder he flew, and there, plunging beneath,
In the depth of the billows soon found his repose.—

How strangely the order of destiny falls!—

Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,
And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the ray!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,

There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank:
Two days did she wander, and all the long night,
In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
And heard but the breathings of night in the air ;
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
And saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
As she look'd at the light of the moon in the stream,
She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming the sky ;
Poor Rose, on the cold dewy margent reclin'd,
There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
When—hark !—'twas the bell that came deep in the
wind !

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering shade,
A form o'er the waters in majesty glide ;
She knew 'twas her love, though his cheek was decay'd,
And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the tide.

Was this what the Seer of the Cave had foretold ?—
Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a gleam ;
'Twas Reuben, but, ah ! he was deathly and cold,
And fled away like the spell of a dream !

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought
From the bank to embrace him, but vain her endeavour !
Then, plunging beneath, at a billow she caught,
And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever !

THE WREATH YOU WOVE.

THE wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Is fair—but oh, how fair,
If Pity's hand had stol'n from Love
One leaf to mingle there!

If every rose with gold were tied,
Did gems for dewdrops fall,
One faded leaf where Love had sigh'd
Were sweetly worth them all.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Our emblem well may be;
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless Love
Must keep its tears for me.

HYMN OF A VIRGIN OF DELPHI,

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.

OH, lost, for ever lost—no more
Shall Vesper light our dewy way
Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
To hymn the fading fires of day;
No more to Tempé's distant vale
In holy musings shall we roam,
Through summer's glow and winter's gale,
To bear the mystic chaplets home.¹

¹ The laurel, for the common uses of the temple, for adorning the altars and sweeping the pavement, was supplied by a tree near the

'Twas then my soul's expanding zeal,
 By nature warm'd and led by thee.
 In every breeze was taught to feel
 The breathings of a Deity.
 Guide of my heart! still hovering round,
 Thy looks, thy words are still my own—
 I see thee raising from the ground
 Some laurel, by the winds o'erthrown,
 And hear thee say, " This humble bough
 " Was planted for a doom divine ;
 " And, though it droop in languor now,
 " Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine!
 " Thus, in the vale of earthly sense,
 " Though sunk awhile the spirit lies,
 " A viewless hand shall cull it thence,
 " To bloom immortal in the skies!"

All that the young should feel and know,
 By thee was taught so sweetly well,
 Thy words fell soft as vernal snow,
 And all was brightness where they fell!
 Fond soother of my infant tear,
 Fond sharer of my infant joy,
 Is not thy shade still ling'ring here?
 Am I not still thy soul's employ?

fountain of Castalia ; but upon all important occasions, they sent to Tempé for their laurel. We find, in Pausanias, that this valley supplied the branches, of which the temple was originally constructed ; and Plutarch says, in his Dialogue on Music, " The youth who brings the Tempic laurel to Delphi is always attended by a player on the flute." *Αλλα μην και τφ κατακομιζοντι παιδι την Τεμπικην δαφνην εις Δελφους παρομαρτει αυλητης.*

Oh yes—and, as in former days,
When, meeting on the sacred mount,
Our nymphs awak'd their choral lays,
And danc'd around Cassotis' fount;
As then, 'twas all thy wish and care,
That mine should be the simplest mien,
My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
My foot the lightest o'er the green :
So still, each look and step to mould,
Thy guardian care is round me spread,
Arranging every snowy fold,
And guiding every mazy tread.
And, when I lead the hymning choir,
Thy spirit still, unseen and free,
Hovers between my lip and lyre,
And weds them into harmony.
Flow, Plistus, flow, thy murmuring wave
Shall never drop its silv'ry tear
Upon so pure, so blest a grave,
To memory so entirely dear !

WHY DOES AZURE DECK THE SKY ?

WHY does azure deck the sky ?
'Tis to be like thy looks of blue ;
Why is red the rose's dye ?
Because it is thy blushes' hue.
All that's fair, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee !

Why is falling snow so white,
 But to be like thy bosom fair?
 Why are solar beams so bright?
 That they may seem thy golden hair!
 All that's bright, by Love's decree,
 Has been made resembling thee!

Why are nature's beauties felt?
 Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!
 Why has music power to melt?
 Oh! because it speaks like thee.
 All that's sweet, by Love's decree,
 Has been made resembling thee!



THE RING.¹

A TALE.

Annulus ille viri. — OVID. *Amor.* lib. ii. eleg. 15.

THE happy day at length arriv'd
 When Rupert was to wed
 The fairest maid in Saxony,
 And take her to his bed.

¹ I should be sorry to think that my friend had any serious intentions of frightening the nursery by this story: I rather hope — though the manner of it leads me to doubt — that his design was to ridicule that distempered taste which prefers those monsters of the fancy to the “*speciosa miracula*” of true poetic imagination.

I find, by a note in the manuscript, that he met with this story in a German author, *Fromman upon Fascination*, book iii. part vi. ch. 18. On consulting the work, I perceive that Fromman quotes it from Beluacensis, among many other stories equally diabolical and interesting. E.

As soon as morn was in the sky,
The feast and sports began ;
The men admir'd the happy maid,
The maids the happy man.

In many a sweet device of mirth
The day was pass'd along ;
And some the featly dance amus'd,
And some the dulcet song.

The younger maids with Isabel
Disported through the bowers,
And deck'd her robe, and crown'd her head
With motley bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,
Within the castle walls,
Sat listening to the choral strains
That echo'd through the halls.

Young Rupert and his friends repair'd
Unto a spacious court,
To strike the bounding tennis-ball
In feat and manly sport.

The bridegroom on his finger wore
The wedding-ring so bright,
Which was to grace the lily hand
Of Isabel that night.

And fearing he might break the gem,
Or lose it in the play,
He look'd around the court, to see
Where he the ring might lay

Now, in the court a statue stood,
Which there full long had been ;
It might a Heathen goddess be,
Or else, a heathen queen.

Upon its marble finger then
He tried the ring to fit ;
And, thinking it was safest there,
Thereon he fasten'd it.

And now the tennis sports went on,
Till they were wearied all,
And messengers announc'd to them
Their dinner in the hall.

Young Rupert for his wedding-ring
Unto the statue went ;
But, oh, how shock'd was he to find
The marble finger bent.

The hand was clos'd upon the ring
With firm and mighty clasp ;
In vain he tried, and tried, and tried,
He could not loose the grasp !

Then sore surpris'd was Rupert's mind —
As well his mind might be ;
“ I'll come,” quoth he, “ at night again,
“ When none are here to see.”

He went unto the feast, and much
He thought upon his ring ;
And marvell'd sorely what could mean
So very strange a thing !

The feast was o'er, and to the court
He hied without delay,
Resolv'd to break the marble hand
And force the ring away.

But, mark a stranger wonder still —
The ring was there no more,
And yet the marble hand ungrasp'd,
And open as before !

He search'd the base, and all the court,
But nothing could he find ;
Then to the castle hied he back
With sore bewilder'd mind.

Within he found them all in mirth,
The night in dancing flew ;
The youth another ring procur'd,
And none the adventure knew.

And now the priest has join'd their hands,
The hours of love advance :
Rupert almost forgets to think
Upon the morn's mischance.

Within the bed fair Isabel
In blushing sweetness lay,
Like flowers, half-open'd by the dawn,
And waiting for the day.

And Rupert, by her lovely side,
In youthful beauty glows,
Like Phœbus, when he bends to cast
His beams upon a rose.

And here my song would leave them both,
Nor let the rest be told,
If 'twere not for the horrid tale,
It yet has to unfold.

Soon Rupert, 'twixt his bride and him,
A death cold carcass found ;
He saw it not, but thought he felt
Its arms embrace him round.

He started up, and then return'd,
But found the phantom still ;
In vain he shrunk, it clipp'd him round,
With damp and deadly chill !

And when he bent, the earthy lips
A kiss of horror gave ;
’Twas like the smell from charnel vaults,
Or from the mould’ring grave.

Ill fated Rupert ! — wild and loud
Then cried he to his wife,
“ Oh ! save me from this horrid fiend,
“ My Isabel ! my life ! ”

But Isabel had nothing seen,
She look’d around in vain ;
And much she mourn’d the mad conceit
That rack’d her Rupert’s brain.

At length from this invisible
These words to Rupert came :
(O God ! while he did hear the words
What terrors shook his frame !)

“ Husband, husband, I’ve the ring,
“ Thou gav’st to-day to me ;
“ And thou’rt to me for ever wed,
“ As I am wed to thee ! ”

And all the night the demon lay
Cold-chilling by his side,
And strain’d him with such deadly grasp,
He thought he should have died.

But when the dawn of day was near,
The horrid phantom fled,
And left th' affrighted youth to weep
By Isabel in bed.

And all that day a gloomy cloud
Was seen on Rupert's brows ;
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,
But strove to cheer her spouse.

And, as the day advanc'd, he thought
Of coming night with fear ;
Alas, that he should dread to view
The bed that should be dear !

At length the second night arriv'd,
Again their couch they press'd ;
Poor Rupert hop'd that all was o'er,
And look'd for love and rest.

But oh ! when midnight came, again
The fiend was at his side,
And, as it strain'd him in its grasp,
With howl exulting cried : —

“ Husband, husband, I've the ring,
“ The ring thou gav'st to me ;
“ And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
“ As I am wed to thee ! ”

In agony of wild despair,
He started from the bed ;
And thus to his bewilder'd wife
The trembling Rupert said :

“ Oh Isabel ! dost thou not see
“ A shape of horrors here,
“ That strains me to its deadly kiss,
“ And keeps me from my dear ? ”

“ No, no, my love ! my Rupert, I
“ No shape of horrors see ;
“ And much I mourn the phantasy
“ That keeps my dear from me.”

This night, just like the night before,
In terrors pass'd away,
Nor did the demon vanish thence
Before the dawn of day.

Said Rupert then, “ My Isabel,
“ Dear partner of my woe,
“ To Father Austin's holy cave
“ This instant will I go.”

Now Austin was a reverend man,
Who acted wonders maint —
Whom all the country round believ'd
A devil or a saint !

To Father Austin's holy cave
Then Rupert straightway went ;
And told him all, and ask'd him how
These horrors to prevent.

The Father heard the youth, and then
Retir'd awhile to pray ;
And, having prayed for half an hour
Thus to the youth did say :

“ There is a place where four roads meet,
“ Which I will tell to thee ;
“ Be there this eve, at fall of night,
“ And list what thou shalt see.

“ Thou'lt see a group of figures pass
“ In strange disorder'd crowd,
“ Travelling by torchlight through the roads,
“ With noises strange and loud.

“ And one that's high above the rest,
“ Terrific towering o'er,
“ Will make thee know him at a glance,
“ So I need say no more.

“ To him from me these tablets give,
“ They'll quick be understood ;
“ Thou need'st not fear, but give them straight,
“ I've scrawl'd them with my blood ! ”

The night-fall came, and Rupert all
In pale amazement went
To where the cross-roads met, as he
Was by the Father sent.

And lo! a group of figures came
In strange disorder'd crowd,
Travelling by torchlight through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And, as the gloomy train advanc'd,
Rupert beheld from far
A female form of wanton mien
High seated on a car.

And Rupert, as he gaz'd upon
The loosely vested dame,
Thought of the marble statue's look,
For hers was just the same.

Behind her walk'd a hideous form,
With eyeballs flashing death ;
Whene'er he breath'd, a sulphur'd smoke
Came burning in his breath.

He seem'd the first of all the crowd,
Terrific towering o'er ;
"Yes, yes," said Rupert, "this is he,
"And I need ask no more."

Then slow he went, and to this fiend
The tablets trembling gave,
Who look'd and read them with a yell
That would disturb the grave.

And when he saw the blood-serawl'd name,
His eyes with fury shine ;
“ I thought,” cries he, “ his time was out,
“ But he must soon be mine ! ”

Then darting at the youth a look
Which rent his soul with fear,
He went unto the female fiend,
And whisper'd in her ear.

The female fiend no sooner heard
Than, with reluctant look,
The very ring that Rupert lost,
She from her finger took.

And, giving it unto the youth,
With eyes that breath'd of hell,
She said, in that tremendous voice,
Which he remember'd well :

“ In Austin's name take back the ring,
“ The ring thou gav'st to me ;
“ And thou'rt to me no longer wed,
“ Nor longer I to thee.”

He took the ring, the rabble pass'd,
He home return'd again ;
His wife was then the happiest fair,
The happiest he of men.

MARY, I BELIEV'D THEE TRUE.¹

MARY, I believ'd thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing ;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving.
Fare thee well.

Few have ever loved like me, —
Yes, I have loved thee too sincerely !
And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee, —
Alas ! deceiv'd me too severely.

Fare thee well ! — yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee ;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee.

Fare thee well ! I'll think of thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token ;
For see, distracting woman, see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken ! —
Fare thee well !

¹ These words were written to the pathetic Scotch air "Galla Water."

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA.

“They tell of a young man, who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.” — *Anon.*

“La Poésie a ses monstres comme la nature.” — D’ALEMBERT.

“THEY made her a grave, too cold and damp

“For a soul so warm and true;

“And she’s gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,¹

“Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,

“She paddles her white canoe.

“And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,

“And her paddle I soon shall hear;

“Long and loving our life shall be,

“And I’ll hide the maid in a cypress tree,

“When the footstep of death is near.”

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—

His path was rugged and sore,

Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,

Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,

And man never trod before.

¹ The great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the Lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond’s Pond.

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the copper-snake breath'd in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
"And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd —
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

THE
STEERSMAN'S SONG,

WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE 28TH APRIL.¹

WHEN freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses snug we fly;
Or when light breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky;
'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
I stand, and, as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry,
Port, my boy! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
Right from the point we wish to steer;
When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
And strive in vain the port to near;
I think 'tis thus the fates defer
My bliss with one that's far away,
And while remembrance springs to her,
I watch the sails and sighing say,
Thus, my boy! thus.

¹ I left Bermuda in the Boston about the middle of April, in company with the Cambrian and Leander, aboard the latter of which was the Admiral, Sir Andrew Mitchell, who divides his year between Halifax and Bermuda, and is the very soul of society and good-fellowship to both. We separated in a few days, and the Boston, after a short cruise, proceeded to New York.

But see the wind draws kindly aft,
 All hands are up the yards to square,
 And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
 Our stately ship through waves and air.
 Oh! then I think that yet for me
 Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
 Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee—
 And in that hope I smiling sing,
Steady, boy! so.

SONG OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.¹

Qua via difficilis, quaque est via nulla.

OVID. *Metam.* lib. iii. v. 227.

Now the vapour, hot and damp,
 Shed by day's expiring lamp,
 Through the misty ether spreads
 Every ill the white man dreads ;
 Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
 Fitful ague's shivering chill !

Hark! I hear the traveller's song,
 As he winds the woods along ;—

¹ The idea of this poem occurred to me in passing through the very dreary wilderness between Batavia, a new settlement in the midst of the woods, and the little village of Buffalo upon Lake Erie. This is the most fatiguing part of the route, in travelling through the Genesee country to Niagara.

Christian, 'tis the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild thou dar'st to roam—
Think, 'twas once the Indian's home!¹

Hither, sprites, who love to harm
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
And the cayman² loves to creep,
Torpid, to his wintry sleep:
Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shudd'ring murderer sits,³
Lone beneath a roof of blood;
While upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew.

¹ "The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians) were settled along the banks of the Susquehannah and the adjacent country, until the year 1779, when General Sullivan, with an army of 4000 men, drove them from their country to Niagara, where, being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped." — *Morse's American Geography*.

² The alligator, who is supposed to lie in a torpid state all the winter, in the bank of some creek or pond, having previously swallowed a large number of pine knots, which are his only sustenance during the time.

³ This was the mode of punishment for murder (as Charlevoix tells us) among the Hurons. "They laid the dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and the murderer was obliged to remain several days together, and to receive all that dropped from the carcass, not only on himself but on his food."

Hither bend ye, turn ye hither,
Eyes that blast and wings that wither !
Cross the wand'ring Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of mad'ning error,
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying
On the damp earth, pale and dying.
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cordial cottage-light ;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Tempt him to the den that's dug
For the foul and famish'd brood
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood ;
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O'er the deep and dark morass,
Where the trembling Indian brings .
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
Tributes, to be hung in air,
To the Fiend presiding there !¹

Then, when night's long labour past,
Wilder'd, faint, he falls at last,

¹ " We find also collars of porcelain, tobacco, ears of maize, skins, &c. by the side of difficult and dangerous ways, on rocks, or by the side of the falls ; and these are so many offerings made to the spirits which preside in these places."—See *Charlevoix's Letter on the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada*.

Father Hennepin too mentions this ceremony ; he also says, " We took notice of one barbarian, who made a kind of sacrifice upon an oak at the Cascade of St. Anthony of Padua, upon the river Mississippi."—See *Hennepin's Voyage into North America*.

Sinking where the causeway's edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge,
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting ;
Let the bull-toad taint him over,
Round him let mosquitoes hover,
In his ears and eyeballs tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires!

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
"A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee ;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And, "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
"Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep if I
blam'd,
"How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

“ By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
 “ In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
 “ And to know that I sigh’d upon innocent lips,
 “ Which had never been sigh’d on by any but mine !”

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.¹

Et remigem cantus hortatur.

QUINTILIAN.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.

¹ I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sung to us frequently. The wind was so unfavourable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all such difficulties.

Our *voyageurs* had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins

Dans mon chemin j’ai rencontré
 Deux cavaliers très-bien montés ;

And the *refrain* to every verse was,

A l’ombre d’un bois je m’en vais jouer,
 A l’ombre d’un bois je m’en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonise this air, and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may, perhaps, be thought common and trifling ; but I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes, into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me ;

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.¹
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those *voyageurs* who go to the Grand Portage by the Utawas River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking, see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade, prefixed to his Journal.

¹ "At the Rapid of St. Ann they are obliged to take out part, if not the whole, of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelar saint of voyagers." — *Mackenzie, General History of the Fur Trade.*

GAZEL.

REMEMBEREST thou the hour we past, —
 That hour the happiest and the last?
 Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
 To summer bees, at break of morn,
 Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,
 To Camels' ears the tinkling bell,
 As is the soothing memory
 Of that one precious hour to me.

How can we live, so far apart?
 Oh! why not rather, heart to heart,
 United live and die —
 Like those sweet birds, that fly together,
 With feather always touching feather,
 Link'd by a hook and eye!¹

 A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.²

(SPANISH AIR.)

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted,
 "I'll build in this garden, — the thought is divine!"
 Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
 An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.

¹ This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which he alludes is the *Juftak*, of which I find the following account in Richardson: — "A sort of bird, that is said to have but one wing; on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together."

² The thought is taken from a song by Le Prieur, called "La Statue de l'Amitié."

She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent ;
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

“ Oh ! never,” she cried, “ could I think of enshrining
“ An image, whose looks are so joyless and dim ; —
“ But yon little god, upon roses reclining,
“ We’ll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him.’
So the bargain was struck ; with the little god laden
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove :
“ Farewell,” said the sculptor, “ you’re not the first
maiden
“ Who came but for Friendship and took away Love.”

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

Flow on, thou shining river ;
But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella’s bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling o’er thee.
And tell her thus, if she’ll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wand’ring thither,
Thou find’st she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there ;

And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

(INDIAN AIR.)

ALL that's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest !
Stars that shine and fall ;—
The flower that drops in springing ;—
These, alas ! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest !

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching ?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking ?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than to be bless'd with light and see
That light for ever flying.

All that's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest !

SO WARMLY WE MET.

(HUNGARIAN AIR.)

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted,
That which was the sweeter ev'n I could not tell, —
That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
Or that tear of passion, which bless'd our farewell.
To meet was a heaven, and to part thus another, —
Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss ;
Oh ! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other
In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

The first was like day-break, new, sudden, delicious, —
The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet ;
The last like the farewell of daylight, more precious,
More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.
Our meeting, though happy, was ting'd by a sorrow
To think that such happiness could not remain ;
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-morrow
Would bring back the bless'd hour of meeting again.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

(AIR. — THE BELLS OF ST. PETERSBURGH.)

THOSE evening bells ! those evening bells !
How many a tale their music tells,

Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are pass'd away ;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone ;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells !

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

SHOULD those fond hopes e'er forsake thee,¹
Which now so sweetly thy heart employ ;
Should the cold world come to wake thee
From all thy visions of youth and joy ;
Should the gay friends, for whom thou wouldst banish
Him who once thought thy young heart his own,
All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
And leave thy winter unheeded and lone ; —

Oh ! 'tis then that he thou hast slighted
Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd o'er ;
Then the truant, lost and blighted,
Would to his bosom be taken once more.

¹ This is one of the many instances among my lyrical poems, — though the above, it must be owned, is an extreme case, — where the metre has been necessarily sacrificed to the structure of the air.

Like that dear bird we both can remember,
Who left us while summer shone round,
But, when chill'd by bleak December,
On our threshold a welcome still found.

REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

(ITALIAN AIR.)

REASON, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day :
Folly play'd
Around the maid,
The bells of his cap rung merrily out ;
While Reason took
To his sermon-book —
Oh ! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt,
Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,
Till Folly said,
“Look here, sweet maid !” —
The sight of his cap brought her back to herself ;
While Reason read
His leaves of lead,
With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf !
No, — no one to mind him, poor sensible elf !

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap ;
Had he that on, he her heart might entrap —

“There it is,”

Quoth Folly, “old quiz!”

(Folly was always good-natured, 'tis said,)

“Under the sun

“There’s no such fun,

“As Reason with my cap and bells on his head,

“Reason with my cap and bells on his head!”

But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,

That Beauty now lik’d him still less than before;

While Folly took

Old Reason’s book,

And twisted the leaves in a cap of such *ton*,

That Beauty vow’d

(Though not aloud),

She lik’d him still better in that than his own,

Yes, — lik’d him still better in that than his own.



FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!

(SICILIAN AIR.)

FARE thee well, thou lovely one!

Lovely still, but dear no more;

Once his soul of truth is gone,

Love’s sweet life is o’er.

Thy words, whate’er their flatt’ring spell,

Could scarce have thus deceived;

But eyes that acted truth so well

Were sure to be believed.

'Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

Yet those eyes look constant still,
True as stars they keep their light;
Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil
Of blushing always bright.
'Tis only on thy changeful heart
The blame of falsehood lies;
Love lives in every other part,
But there, alas! he dies.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

DOST THOU REMEMBER.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

Dost thou remember that place so lonely,
A place for lovers, and lovers only,
Where first I told thee all my secret sighs?
When, as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee,
Illum'd thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes?
Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,
Love bound us—never, never more to part!

And when I call'd thee by names the dearest¹
 That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest, —
 “My life, my only life!” among the rest;
 In those sweet accents that still enthrall me,
 Thou saidst, “Ah! wherefore thy life thus call me?
 “Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best;
 “For life soon passes, — but how bless'd to be
 “That Soul which never, never parts from thee!”

OH, COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

Oh, come to me when daylight sets;
 Sweet! then come to me,
 When smoothly go our gondolets
 O'er the moonlight sea.
 When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
 Beneath that glancing ray,
 With sound of lutes and mandolins,
 To steal young hearts away.
 Then, come to me when daylight sets;
 Sweet! then come to me,
 When smoothly go our gondolets
 O'er the moonlight sea.
 Oh, then's the hour for those who love,
 Sweet! like thee and me;
 When all's so calm below, above,
 In heav'n and o'er the sea.

¹ The thought in this verse is borrowed from the original Portuguese words.

When maidens sing sweet barcarolles¹
And echo sings again
So sweet, that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.
So, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT,

(SCOTCH AIR.)

OFT, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

¹ Barcarolles, sorte de chansons en langue Vénitienne, que chantent les gondoliers à Venise. — *Rousseau, Dictionnaire de Musique.*

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather ;
I feel like one,
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

HARK ! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

(RUSSIAN AIR.)

HARK ! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear ;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
And now bursts upon the ear :
Jubilate, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear :
Jubilate, Amen.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along ;

Now, like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song :
Jubilate, Amen.

Hush ! again, like waves, retreating
To the shore, it dies along :
Jubilate, Amen.

LOVE AND HOPE.

(SWISS AIR.)

AT morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclin'd ;
But scarce had noon-tide come, when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind.

“I go,” said Love, “to sail awhile
“Across this sunny main ;”
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dreamt of guile,
Believ'd he'd come again.

She linger'd there till evening's beam
Along the waters lay ;
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Oft trac'd his name, which still the stream
As often wash'd away.

At length a sail appears in sight,
And tow'rd the maiden moves !
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
His golden bark reflects the light,
But ah ! it is not Love's.

Another sail—'twas Friendship show'd
Her night-lamp o'er the sea ;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd ;
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
And where, alas ! was he ?

Now fast around the sea and shore
Night threw her darkling chain ;
The sunny sails were seen no more,
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er, —
Love never came again.

THERE COMES A TIME.

(GERMAN AIR.)

THERE comes a time, a dreary time,
To him whose heart hath flown
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
And made each flower its own.
'Tis when his soul must first renounce
Those dreams so bright, so fond ;
Oh ! then's the time to die at once,
For life has nought beyond.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
That instant all is night ;
And so should life at once be o'er,
When Love withdraws his light ;—
Nor, like our northern day, gleam on
Through twilight's dim delay,
The cold remains of lustre gone,
Of fire long pass'd away.

MY HARP HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME.

(SWEDISH AIR.)

My harp has one unchanging theme,
One strain that still comes o'er
Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream
Of joy that's now no more.
In vain I try, with livelier air,
To wake the breathing string ;
That voice of other times is there,
And saddens all I sing.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain,
Henceforth be all my own ;
Though thou art oft so full of pain,
Few hearts can bear thy tone.
Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh,
The breath that Pleasure's wings
Gave out, when last they wanton'd by,
Were still upon thy strings.

OH, NO—NOT EV'N WHEN FIRST WE LOV'D.

(CASHMERIAN AIR.)

OH, no—not ev'n when first we lov'd,
Wert thou as dear as now thou art ;
Thy beauty then my senses mov'd,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.
What was but Passion's sigh before,
Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow ;
And, though I then might love thee *more*,
Trust me, I love thee *better* now.

Although my heart in earlier youth
Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
Much more than it has lost in fire.
The flame now warms my inmost core,
That then but sparkled o'er my brow,
And, though I seem'd to love thee more,
Yct, oh, I love thee better now.

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

(SCOTCH AIR.)

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou rov'st ;
May life be for thee one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lov'st,
Come smiling around thy sunny way !
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring-showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath.
As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances.

COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

(FRENCH AIR.)

WHILE I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing
Has, for once, a moral.
Common Sense, one night,
Though not used to gambols,
Went out by moonlight,
With Genius, on his rambles.
While I touch the string, &c.

Common Sense went on,
Many wise things saying ;
While the light that shone
Soon set Genius straying.
One his eye ne'er rais'd
From the path before him ;
T'other idly gaz'd
On each night-cloud o'er him.
While I touch the string, &c.

So they came, at last,
To a shady river ;
Common Sense soon pass'd,
Safe, as he doth ever ;
While the boy, whose look
Was in Heaven that minute,
Never saw the brook
But tumbled headlong in it !
While I touch the string, &c.

How the Wise One smil'd,
When safe o'er the torrent,
At that youth, so wild,
Dripping from the current !
Sense went home to bed ;
Genius, left to shiver
On the bank, 'tis said,
Died of that cold river !
While I touch the string, &c.

THEN, FARE THEE WELL.

(OLD ENGLISH AIR.)

THEN, fare thee well, my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus,
Dear love !
The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numb'ring them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this,
Dear love !
The deep deep pain, of this.

But no, alas, we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some eloud between,
And chas'd it all away,
Dear love !
And chas'd it all away.

Yet, ev'n could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief together past,
Than years of mirth apart,
Dear love !
Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell ! our hope was born in fears,
And nurs'd 'mid vain regrets ;
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets,
Dear love !
Like them in tears it sets.



GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

(MALTESE AIR.)

GAILY sounds the castanet,
Beating time to bounding feet,
When, after daylight's golden set,
Maids and youths by moonlight meet,

Oh, then, how sweet to move
Through all that maze of mirth,
Led by light from eyes we love
Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then, the joyous banquet spread
On the cool and fragrant ground,
With heav'n's bright sparklers overhead,
And still brighter sparkling round.
Oh, then, how sweet to say
Into some lov'd one's ear,
Thoughts reserv'd through many a day
To be thus whisper'd here.

When the dance and feast are done,
Arm in arm as home we stray,
How sweet to see the dawning sun
O'er her cheek's warm blushes play!
Then, too, the farewell kiss —
The words, whose parting tone
Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
That haunt young hearts alone.

LOVE IS A HUNTER-BOY.

(LANGUEDOCIAN AIR.)

Love is a hunter-boy,
Who makes young hearts his prey;
And, in his nets of joy,
Ensnares them night and day.

In vain conceal'd they lie —
Love tracks them every where ;
In vain aloft they fly —
Love shoots them flying there.

But 'tis his joy most sweet,
At early dawn to trace
The print of Beauty's feet,
And give the trembler chase.
And if, through virgin snow,
He tracks her footsteps fair,
How sweet for Love to know
None went before him there.

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

(FRENCH AIR.)

COME, chase that starting tear away,
Ere mine to meet it springs ;
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings.
Like sun-set gleams, that linger late
When all is dark'ning fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from Fate —
The brightest, and the last.
Then, chase that starting tear, &c.
To gild the deep'ning gloom, if Heaven
But one bright hour allow,
Oh, think that one bright hour is given,
In all its splendour, now.

Let's live it out—then sink in night,
Like waves that from the shore
One minute swell, are touch'd with light,
Then lost for evermore !
Come, chase that starting tear, &c.

JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING !

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

WHISP'RINGS, heard by wakeful maids,
To whom the night-stars guide us ;
Stolen walks through moonlight shades,
With those we love beside us,
Hearts beating,
At meeting ;
Tears starting,
At parting ;
Oh, sweet youth, how soon it fades !
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting !

Wand'rings far away from home,
With life all new before us ;
Greetings warm, when home we come,
From hearts whose prayers watch'd o'er us.
Tears starting,
At parting ;
Hearts beating,
At meeting ;
Oh, sweet youth, how lost on some !
To some, how bright and fleeting !

HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

(FRENCH AIR.)

HEAR me but once, while o'er the grave,
In which our Love lies cold and dead,
I count each flatt'ring hope he gave
Of joys, now lost, and charms now fled.

Who could have thought the smile he wore,
When first we met, would fade away?
Or that a chill would e'er come o'er
Those eyes so bright through many a day?
Hear me but once, &c.

WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

(SWEDISH AIR.)

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling round,
'Mong flowers, the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
So sweet, it allur'd him to stay.

O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath; —
'Twas Pleasure had hung up the flow'rets there;
Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love didn't know — and, at *his* weak years,
What urchin was likely to know? —
That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears
The fountain that murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath—but with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do—
It fell in those waters of briny taste,
And the flowers were all wet through.

This garland he now wears night and day;
And, though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own light, each leaf, they say,
Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.

SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO-DAY?

(SICILIAN AIR.)

SAY, what shall be our sport to-day?
There's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,
Too bright, too high, too wild, too gay,
For spirits like mine to dare!
'Tis like the returning bloom
Of those days, alas, gone by,
When I lov'd, each hour—I scarce knew whom—
And was bless'd—I scarce knew why.

Ay—those were days when life had wings.
And flew, oh, flew so wild a height,
That, like the lark which sunward springs,
'Twas giddy with too much light.
And, though of some plumes bereft,
With that sun, too, nearly set,
I've enough of light and wing still left
For a few gay soarings yet.



BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

(WELSH AIR.)

BRIGHT be thy dreams — may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping.

May those by death or seas remov'd,
The friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All, thou hast ever priz'd or lov'd,
In dreams come smiling to thee !

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest ;

Still as she was — no charm forgot —
No lustre lost that life had given ;
Or, if chang'd, but chang'd to what
Thou'lt find her yet in Heaven !

GO, THEN — 'TIS VAIN.

(SICILIAN AIR.)

Go, then — 'tis vain to hover
Thus round a hope that's dead ;
At length my dream is over ;
'Twas sweet — 'twas false — 'tis fled !
Farewell ! since nought it moves thee,
Such truth as mine to see —
Some one, who far less loves thee,
Perhaps more bless'd will be.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness
New life around me shed ;
Farewell, false heart, whose lightness
Now leaves me death instead.
Go, now, those charms surrender
To some new lover's sigh—
One who, though far less tender
May be more bless'd than I.

THE CRYSTAL-HUNTERS.

(SWISS AIR.)

O'ER mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along ;
While rocks and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song ;
And, when we meet with store of gems,
We grudge not kings their diadems.
O'er mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along ;
While grotts and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

Not half so oft the lover dreams
Of sparkles from his lady's eyes,
As we of those refreshing gleams
That tell where deep the crystal lies ;
Though, next to crystal, we too grant,
That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
O'er mountains bright, &c.

Sometimes, when on the Alpine rose
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the flow'ret glows,
We thither bend our headlong way ;
And, though we find no treasure there,
We bless the rose that shines so fair.
O'er mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along ;
While rocks and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

ROW GENTLY HERE.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

Row gently here,
My gondolier,
So softly wake the tide,
That not an ear,
On earth, may hear,
But hers to whom we glide.

Had Heaven but tongues to speak, as well
As starry eyes to see,
Oh, think what tales 'twould have to tell
Of wandering youths like me !

Now rest thee here,
My gondolier ;
Hush, hush, for up I go,
To climb yon light
Balcony's height,
While thou keep'st watch below.
Ah ! did we take for Heaven above
But half such pains as we
Take, day and night, for woman's love,
What Angels we should be !

OH, DAYS OF YOUTH.

(FRENCH AIR.)

Oh, days of youth and joy, long clouded,
Why thus for ever haunt my view ?
When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
Why did not Memory die there too ?
Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
Telling of joys that yet remain —
No, never more can this life bring me
One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
Cold winds of Time blow round my brow ;
Sunshine of youth ! that once fell o'er me,
Where is your warmth, your glory now ?
'Tis not that then no pain could sting me ;
'Tis not that now no joys remain ;
Oh, 'tis that life no more can bring me
One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

WHEN first that smile, like sunshine, bless'd my
sight,
Oh what a vision then came o'er me !
Long years of love, of calm and pure delight,
Seem'd in that smile to pass before me.
Ne'er did the peasant dream of summer skies,
Of golden fruit, and harvest springing,
With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes,
And of the joy their light was bringing.

Where now are all those fondly promis'd hours ?
Ah ! woman's faith is like her brightness—
Fading as fast as rainbows, or day-flowers,
Or aught that's known for grace and lightness.
Short as the Persian's prayer, at close of day,
Should be each vow of Love's repeating ;
Quick let him worship Beauty's precious ray—
Even while he kneels, that ray is fleeting !

PEACE TO THE SLUMB'RERS !

(CATALONIAN AIR.)

PEACE to the slumb'ers !

They lie on the battle-plain,
With no shroud to cover them ;
The dew and the summer rain
Are all that weep over them.

Peace to the slumb'ers !

Vain was their brav'ry !—

The fallen oak lies where it lay
Across the wintry river ;
But brave hearts, once swept away,
Are gone, alas ! for ever.

Vain was their brav'ry !

Woe to the conq'ror !

Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
Of whom his sword bereft us,
Ere we forget the deep arrears
Of vengeance they have left us !

Woe to the conq'ror !



WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

(SICILIAN AIR.)

WHEN thou shalt wander by that sweet light
We used to gaze on so many an eve,
When love was new and hope was bright,
Ere I could doubt or thou deceive—
Oh, then, rememb'ring how swift went by
Those hours of transport, even *thou* mayst sigh.

Yes, proud one! even thy heart may own
That love like ours was far too sweet
To be, like summer garments, thrown
Aside, when pass'd the summer's heat;
And wish in vain to know again
Such days, such nights, as bless'd thee then.

WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

HYMEN, late, his love-knots selling,
Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling,
None could doubt, who saw or knew them,
Hymen's call was welcome to them.

“Who'll buy my love-knots?”

“Who'll buy my love-knots?”

Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded!

Maids, who now first dreamt of trying
These gay knots of Hymen's tying ;
Dames, who long had sat to watch him
Passing by, but ne'er could catch him ;—

“ Who'll buy my love-knots ?

“ Who'll buy my love-knots ? ”—

All at that sweet cry assembled ;
Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some trembled.

“ Here are knots,” said Hymen, taking
Some loose flowers, “ of Love's own making ;
“ Here are gold ones—you may trust 'em ”—
(These, of course, found ready custom).

“ Come, buy my love-knots !

“ Come, buy my love knots !

“ Some are labell'd ‘ Knots to tie men—

“ Love the maker—Bought of Hymen.”

Scarce their bargains were completed,
When the nymphs all cried, “ We're cheated !
“ See these flowers—they're drooping sadly ;
“ This gold-knot, too, ties but badly—

“ Who'd buy such love-knots ?

“ Who'd buy such love-knots ?

“ Even this tie, with Love's name round it—

“ All a sham—He never bound it.”

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
Would have laugh'd, but for good-breeding ;
While old Hymen, who was used to
Cries like that these dames gave loose to—

“Take back our love-knots!
“Take back our love-knots!”
Coolly said, “There’s no returning
“Wares on Hymen’s hands — Good morning!”

SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.

(TO AN AIR SUNG AT ROME, ON CHRISTMAS EVE.)

SEE, the dawn from Heaven is breaking
O'er our sight,
And Earth, from sin awaking,
Hails the light!
See those groups of angels, winging
From the realms above,
On their brows, from Eden, bringing
Wreaths of Hope and Love.

Hark, their hymns of glory pealing
Through the air,
To mortal ears revealing
Who lies there!
In that dwelling, dark and lowly,
Sleeps the heavenly Son,
He, whose home's above, — the Holy,
Ever Holy One!

NETS AND CAGES.¹

(SWEDISH AIR.)

COME, listen to my story, while
Your needle's task you ply ;
At what I sing some maids will smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.
Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
Such florid songs as ours,
Yet Truth sometimes, like eastern dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
Then listen, maids, come listen, while
Your needle's task you ply ;
At what I sing there's some may smile,
While some, perhaps, will sigh.

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,
Such nets had learn'd to frame,
That none, in all our vales and groves,
E'er caught so much small game :
But gentle Sue, less giv'n to roam,
While Cloe's nets were taking
Such lots of Loves, sat still at home,
One little Love-cage making.
Come, listen, maids, &c.

¹ Suggested by the following remark of Swift :— The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages."

Much Cloe laugh'd at Susan's task ;
But mark how things went on :
These light-caught Loves, ere you could ask
Their name and age, were gone !
So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,
That, though she charm'd into them
New game each hour, the youngest Love
Was able to break through them.
Come, listen, maids, &c.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was wrought
Of bars too strong to sever,
One Love with golden pinions caught,
And caged him there for ever ;
Instructing, thereby, all coquettes,
Whate'er their looks or ages,
That, though 'tis pleasant weaving Nets,
'Tis wiser to make Cages.

Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
The task your fingers ply. —
May all who hear like Susan smile,
And not, like Cloe, sigh !

WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZETTA.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

WHEN through the Piazzetta
Night breathes her cool air,

Then, dearest Ninetta,
I'll come to thee there.
Beneath thy mask shrouded,
I'll know thee afar,
As Love knows, though clouded,
His own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling
Some gay gondolier,
I'll whisper thee, trembling,
“Our bark, love, is near :
“Now, now, while there hover
“Those clouds o'er the moon,
“'Twill waft thee safe over
“Yon silent Lagoon.”

GO, NOW, AND DREAM.

(SICILIAN AIR.)

Go, now, and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber —
Moments so sweet again ne'er shalt thou number.
Of Pain's bitter draught the flavour ne'er flies,
While Pleasure's scarce touches the lip ere it dies.
Go, then, and dream, &c.

That moon, which hung o'er your parting, so splendid,
Often will shine again, bright as she then did —
But never more will the beam she saw burn
In those happy eyes, at your meeting, return.
Go, then, and dream, &c.

TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

(NEAPOLITAN AIR.)

TAKE hence the bowl ; — though beaming
Brightly as bowl e'er shone,
Oh, it but sets me dreaming
Of happy days now gone.
There, in its clear reflection,
As in a wizard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead affection,
Like shades, before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither
Some scene of bliss gone by ; —
Bright lips, too bright to wither,
Warm hearts, too warm to die.
Till, as the dream comes o'er me
Of those long vanish'd years,
Alas, the wine before me
Seems turning all to tears!

FAREWELL, THERESA !

(VENETIAN AIR.)

FAREWELL, Theresa ! yon cloud that over
Heaven's pale night-star gath'ring we see,
Will scarce from that pure orb have pass'd, ere thy lover
Swift o'er the wide wave shall wander from thee.

Long, like that dim cloud, I've hung around thee,
Dark'ning thy prospects, sadd'ning thy brow ;
With gay heart, Theresa, and bright cheek I found thee ;
Oh, think how chang'd, love, how chang'd art thou
now !

But here I free thee : like one awaking
From fearful slumber, thou break'st the spell ;
'Tis over — the moon, too, her bondage is breaking —
Past are the dark clouds ; Theresa, farewell !

HOW OFT, WHEN WATCHING STARS.

(SAVOYARD AIR.)

OFT, when the watching stars grow pale,
And round me sleeps the moonlight scene,
To hear a flute through yonder vale
I from my casement lean.
“ Come, come, my love ! ” each note then seems to say,
“ Oh, come, my love ! the night wears fast away ! ”
Never to mortal ear
Could words, though warm they be,
Speak Passion's language half so clear
As do those notes to me !

Then quick my own light lute I seek,
And strike the chords with loudest swell ;
And, though they nought to others speak,
He knows their language well.

“I come, my love!” each note then seems to say,

“I come, my love! — thine, thine, till break of day.”

Oh, weak the power of words,

The hues of painting dim,

Compar'd to what those simple chords

Then say and paint to him!



WHEN THE FIRST SUMMER BEE.

(GERMAN AIR.)

WHEN the first summer bee

O'er the young rose shall hover,

Then, like that gay rover,

I'll come to thee.

He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets to the brim—

What a meeting, what a meeting for me and for him!

When the first summer bee, &c.

Then, to every bright tree

In the garden he'll wander;

While I, oh much fonder,

Will stay with thee.

In search of new sweetness through thousands he'll run.

While I find the sweetness of thousands in one.

Then, to every bright tree, &c.



THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.

(FRENCH AIR.)

THOUGH 'tis all but a dream at the best,
And still, when happiest, soonest o'er,
Yet, even in a dream, to be bless'd
Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.
The bosom that opes
With earliest hopes
The soonest finds those hopes untrue;
As flowers that first
In spring-time burst
The earliest wither too!
Ay—'tis all but a dream, &c.

Though by friendship we oft are deceiv'd,
And find Love's sunshine soon o'ercast,
Yet Friendship will still be believ'd,
And Love trusted on to the last.
The web 'mong the leaves
The spider weaves
Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men;
Though often she sees
'Tis broke by the breeze,
She spins the bright tissue again.
Ay—'tis all but a dream, &c.

WHEN THE WINE-CUP IS SMILING.

(ITALIAN AIR.)

WHEN the wine-cup is smiling before us,
And we pledge round to hearts that are true, boy, true,
Then the sky of this life opens o'er us,
And Heaven gives a glimpse of its blue.
Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
We are better, far better off thus, boy, thus ;
For *him* but *two* bright eyes were shining —
See, what numbers are sparkling for us !

When on *one* side the grape-juice is dancing,
While on t'other a blue eye beams, boy, beams,
'Tis enough, 'twixt the wine and the glancing,
To disturb ev'n a saint from his dreams.
Yet, though life like a river is flowing,
I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on ;
So the grape on its bank is still growing,
And Love lights the waves as they run.

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME ?

(NEAPOLITAN AIR.)

WHERE shall we bury our shame ;
Where, in what desolate place,
Hide the last wreck of a name
Broken and stain'd by disgrace ?

Death may dissever the chain,
Oppression will cease when we're gone ;
But the dishonour, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on.

Was it for this we sent out
Liberty's cry from our shore?
Was it for this that her shout
Thrill'd to the world's very core?
Thus to live cowards and slaves!—
Oh, ye free hearts that lie dead,
Do you not, even in your graves,
Shudder, as o'er you we tread?

NE'ER TALK OF WISDOM'S GLOOMY SCHOOLS.

(MAHRATTA AIR.)

NE'ER talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools ;
Give me the sage who's able
To draw his moral thoughts and rules
From the study of the table ; —
Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass
This world and all that's in it,
From the bumper that but crowns his glass,
And is gone again next minute !

The diamond sleeps within the mine,
The pearl beneath the water ;
While Truth, more precious, dwells in wine,
The grape's own rosy daughter.

And none can prize her charms like him,
Oh, none like him obtain her,
Who thus can, like Leander, swim,
Through sparkling floods to gain her!

HERE SLEEPS THE BARD.

(HIGHLAND AIR.)

HERE sleeps the bard who knew so well
All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell;
Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,
Or died, like distant streamlets, on the ear.
Sleep, sleep, mute bard; alike unheeded now
The storm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless brow: —
That storm, whose rush is like thy martial lay;
That breeze which, like thy love-song, dies away!

DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANING.

Do not say that life is waning,
Or that Hope's sweet day is set;
While I've thee and love remaining,
Life is in th' horizon yet.

Do not think those charms are flying,
Though thy roses fade and fall;
Beauty hath a grace undying,
Which in thee survives them all.

Not for charms, the newest, brightest,
That on other cheeks may shine,
Would I change the least, the slightest,
That is ling'ring now o'er thine.

THE GAZELLE.

Dost thou not hear the silver bell,
Through yonder lime-trees ringing?
'Tis my lady's light gazelle,
To me her love thoughts bringing,
All the while that silver bell
Around his dark neck ringing.

See, in his mouth he bears a wreath,
My love hath kiss'd in tying;
Oh, what tender thoughts beneath
Those silent flowers are lying,
Hid within the mystic wreath,
My love hath kiss'd in tying!

Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
And joy to her, the fairest,
Who thus hath breath'd her soul to me,
In every leaf thou bearest;
Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
And joy to her, the fairest!

Hail, ye living, speaking flowers,
That breathe of her who bound ye;

Oh, 'twas not in fields or bowers,
 'Twas on her lips she found ye ;
Yes, ye blushing, speaking flowers,
 'Twas on her lips she found ye.

NO—LEAVE MY HEART TO REST.

No—leave my heart to rest, if rest it may,
When youth, and love, and hope have pass'd away.
Couldst thou, when summer hours are fled,
To some poor leaf that's fall'n and dead,
Bring back the hue it wore, the scent it shed ?
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
When youth, and love, and hope have pass'd away.

Oh, had I met thee then, when life was bright,
Thy smile might still have fed its tranquil light ;
But now thou com'st like sunny skies,
Too late to cheer the seaman's eyes,
When wreck'd and lost his bark before him lies !
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
Since youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.

WHERE ARE THE VISIONS ?

“ WHERE are the visions that round me once hover'd,
 “ Forms that shed grace from their shadows alone ;
“ Looks fresh as light from a star just discover'd,
 “ And voices that Music might take for her own ? ”

Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o'er me,
Heard me say, "Where are those visions, oh where?"
And pointing his wand to the sunset before me,
Said, with a voice like the hollow wind, "There."

Fondly I look'd, when the wizard had spoken,
And there, mid the dim shining ruins of day,
Saw, by their light, like a talisman broken,
The last golden fragments of hope melt away.

WIND THY HORN, MY HUNTER BOY.

WIND thy horn, my hunter boy,
And leave thy lute's inglorious sighs;
Hunting is the hero's joy,
Till war his nobler game supplies.
Hark! the hound-bells ringing sweet,
While hunters shout, and the woods repeat,
Hilli-ho! Hilli-ho!

Wind again thy cheerful horn,
Till echo, faint with answ'ring, dies:
Burn, bright torches, burn till morn,
And lead us where the wild boar lies.
Hark! the cry, "He's found, he's found,"
While hill and valley our shouts resound,
Hilli-ho! Hilli-ho!

OH, GUARD OUR AFFECTION.

OH, guard our affection, nor e'er let it feel
The blight that this world o'er the warmest will steal ;
While the faith of all round us is fading or past,
Let ours, ever green, keep its bloom to the last.

Far safer for Love 'tis to wake and to weep,
As he used in his prime, than go smiling to sleep ;
For death on his slumber, cold death follows fast,
While the love that is wakeful lives on to the last.

And though, as Time gathers his clouds o'er our head,
A shade somewhat darker o'er life they may spread,
Transparent, at least, be the shadow they cast,
So that Love's soften'd light may shine through to the last.



SLUMBER, OH SLUMBER.

“ SLUMBER, oh slumber ; if sleeping thou mak'st
“ My heart beat so wildly, I'm lost if thou wak'st.”

Thus sung I to a maiden,
Who slept one summer's day,
And, like a flower o'erladen
With too much sunshine, lay.
Slumber, oh slumber, &c.

“Breathe not, oh breathe not, ye winds, o’er her cheeks ;
“If mute thus she charm me, I’m lost when she speaks.”

Thus sing I, while awaking,

She murmurs words that seem
As if her lips were taking

Farewell of some sweet dream.

Breathe not, oh breathe not, &c.

BRING THE BRIGHT GARLANDS HITHER.

BRING the bright garlands hither ;

Ere yet a leaf is dying ;

If so soon they must wither,

Ours be their last sweet sighing.

Hark, that low dismal chime !

’Tis the dreary voice of Time.

Oh, bring beauty, bring roses,

Bring all that yet is ours ;

Let life’s day, as it closes,

Shine to the last through flowers.

Haste, ere the bowl’s declining,

Drink of it now or never ;

Now, while Beauty is shining,

Love or she’s lost for ever.

Hark ! again that dull chime,

’Tis the dreary voice of Time.

Oh, if life be a torrent,
Down to oblivion going,
Like this cup be its current,
Bright to the last drop flowing!

IF IN LOVING, SINGING.

If in loving, singing, night and day
We could trifle merrily life away,
Like atoms dancing in the beam.
Like day-flies skimming o'er the stream,
Or summer blossoms, born to sigh
Their sweetness out, and die—
How brilliant, thoughtless, side by side,
Thou and I could make our minutes glide!
No atoms ever glanc'd so bright.
No day-flies ever danced so light,
Nor summer blossoms mix'd their sigh,
So close, as thou and I!

THOU LOV'ST NO MORE.

Too plain, alas, my doom is spoken,
Nor canst thou veil the sad truth o'er;
Thy heart is chang'd, thy vow is broken,
Thou lov'st no more—thou lov'st no more.

Though kindly still those eyes behold me.
The smile is gone, which once they wore ;
Though fondly still those arms enfold me,
'Tis not the same — thou lov'st no more.

Too long my dream of bliss believing,
I've thought thee all thou wert before ;
But now — alas ! there's no deceiving,
'Tis all too plain, thou lov'st no more.

Oh, thou as soon the dead couldst waken,
As lost affection's life restore,
Give peace to her that is forsaken,
Or bring back him who loves no more.

WHEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD.

WHEN abroad in the world thou appearest,
And the young and the lovely are there,
To my heart while of all thou'rt the dearest,
To my eyes thou'rt of all the most fair.
They pass, one by one,
Like waves of the sea,
That say to the Sun,
“ See, how fair we can be.”
But where's the light like thine,
In sun or shade to shine ?
No, no, 'mong them all there is nothing like thee,
Nothing like thee.

Oft, of old, without farewell or warning,
Beauty's self used to steal from the skies ;
Fling a mist round her head, some fine morning,
And post down to earth in disguise ;
But no matter what shroud
Around her might be,
Men peep'd through the cloud,
And whisper'd, "'Tis She."
So thou, where thousands are,
Shin'st forth the only star, —
Yes, yes, 'mong them all there is nothing like thee
Nothing like thee.

KEEP THOSE EYES STILL PURELY MINE.

KEEP those eyes still purely mine,
Though far off I be :
When on others most they shine,
Then think they're turn'd on me.

Should those lips as now respond
To sweet minstrelsy,
When their accents seem most fond,
Then think they're breathed for me.

Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,
If when all on thee
Fix their charmed thoughts alone,
Thou think'st the while on me.

HOPE COMES AGAIN.

HOPE comes again, to this heart long a stranger,
Once more she sings me her flatt'ring strain ;
But hush, gentle syren — for, ah, there's less danger
In still suff'ring on, than in hoping again.

Long, long in sorrow, too deep for repining,
Gloomy, but tranquil, this bosom hath lain ;
And joy coming now, like a sudden light shining
O'er eyelids long darken'd, would bring me but pain.

Fly then, ye visions, that Hope would shed o'er me ;
Lost to the future, my sole chance of rest
Now lies not in dreaming of bliss that's before me,
But, ah — in forgetting how once I was blest.

O SAY, THOU BEST AND BRIGHTEST.

O SAY, thou best and brightest,
My first love and my last,
When he, whom now thou slightest,
From life's dark scene hath past,
Will kinder thoughts then move thee?
Will pity wake one thrill
For him who liv'd to love thee,
And dying, lov'd thee still?

If when, that hour recalling
From which he dates his woes,
Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,
Ah, blush not while it flows :

But, all the past forgiving,
Bend gently o'er his shrine,
And say, "This heart, when living,
"With all its faults. was mine."

WHEN NIGHT BRINGS THE HOUR.

WHEN night brings the hour
Of starlight and joy,
There comes to my bower
A fairy-wing'd boy ;
With eyes so bright,
So full of wild arts,
Like nets of light,
To tangle young hearts ;
With lips, in whose keeping
Love's secret may dwell,
Like Zephyr asleep in
Some rosy sea-shell.
Guess who he is,
Name but his name,
And his best kiss,
For reward, you may claim.

Where'er o'er the ground
He prints his light feet,
The flow'rs there are found
Most shining and sweet :

His looks, as soft
As lightning in May,
Though dangerous oft,
Ne'er wound but in play :
And oh, when his wings
Have brush'd o'er my lyre,
You'd fancy its strings
Were turning to fire.
Guess who he is,
Name but his name,
And his best kiss,
For reward, you may claim.

LIKE ONE WHO, DOOM'D.

LIKE one who, doom'd o'er distant seas
His weary path to measure,
When home at length, with fav'ring breeze,
He brings the far-sought treasure ;

His ship, in sight of shore, goes down,
That shore to which he hasted ;
And all the wealth he thought his own
Is o'er the waters wasted.

Like him, this heart, thro' many a track
Of toil and sorrow straying,
One hope alone brought fondly back,
Its toil and grief repaying.

Like him, alas, I see that ray
Of hope before me perish,
And one dark minute sweep away
What years were given to cherish.

FEAR NOT THAT, WHILE AROUND THEE.

FEAR not that, while around thee
Life's varied blessings pour,
One sigh of hers shall wound thee,
Whose smile thou seek'st no more.
No, dead and cold for ever
Let our past love remain ;
Once gone, its spirit never
Shall haunt thy rest again.

May the new ties that bind thee
Far sweeter, happier prove,
Nor e'er of me remind thee,
But by their truth and love.
Think how, asleep or waking,
Thy image haunts me yet ;
But, how this heart is breaking
For thy own peace forget.

WHEN LOVE IS KIND.

WHEN Love is kind,
Cheerful and free,
Love's sure to find
Welcome from me.

But when Love brings,
Heartache or pang,
Tears, and such things —
Love may go hang!

If Love can sigh
For one alone,
Well pleas'd am
To be that one.

But should I see
Love giv'n to rove,
To two or three,
Then — good-by, Love!

Love must, in short,
Keep fond and true,
Through good report,
And evil too.

Else, here I swear,
Young Love may go,
For aught I care —
To Jericho.

THE GARLAND I SEND THEE.

THE Garland I send thee was cull'd from those bowers
Where thou and I wander'd in long vanish'd hours ;
Not a leaf or a blossom its bloom here displays,
But bears some remembrance of those happy days.

The roses were gathered by that garden gate,
Where our meetings, though early, seem'd always too
late ;

Where ling'ring full oft through a summer-night's moon,
Our partings, though late, appear'd always too soon.

The rest were all cull'd from the banks of that glade,
Where, watching the sunset, so often we've stray'd,
And mourn'd, as the time went, that Love had no power
To bind in his chain even one happy hour.

HOW SHALL I WOO ?

If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,

Thou think'st I speak too coldly ;

If I mention Love's devoted flame,

Thou say'st I speak too boldly.

Between these two unequal fires,

Why doom me thus to hover ?

I'm a friend, if such thy heart requires,

If more thou seek'st, a lover.

Which shall it be ? How shall I woo ?

Fair one, choose between the two.

Tho' the wings of Love will brightly play,

When first he comes to woo thee,

There's a chance that he may fly away

As fast as he flies *to* thee.

While Friendship, though on foot she come,

No flights of fancy trying,

Will, therefore, oft be found at home,

When Love abroad is flying.

Which shall it be ? How shall I woo ?
Dear one, choose between the two.

If neither feeling suits thy heart,
Let's see, to please thee, whether
We may not learn some precious art
To mix their charms together ;
One feeling, still more sweet, to form
From two so sweet already —
A friendship that like love is warm,
A love like friendship steady.
Thus let it be, thus let me woo,
Dearest, thus we'll join the two.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

EV'RY season hath its pleasures ;
Spring may boast her flow'ry prime,
Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures
Brighten Autumn's sob'rer time.
So Life's year begins and closes ;
Days, though short'ning, still can shine ;
What though youth gave love and roses,
Age still leaves us friends and wine.

Phillis, when she might have caught me,
All the Spring look'd coy and shy,
Yet herself in Autumn sought me,
When the flowers were all gone by.

Ah, too late ; — she found her lover
Calm and free beneath his vine,
Drinking to the Spring-time over
In his best autumnal wine.

Thus may we, as years are flying,
To their flight our pleasures suit,
Nor regret the blossoms dying,
While we still may taste the fruit.
Oh, while days like this are ours,
Where's the lip that dares repine ?
Spring may take our loves and flow'rs,
So Autumn leaves us friends and wine.

LOVE ALONE.

If thou wouldst have thy charms enchant our eyes,
First win our hearts, for there thy empire lies :
Beauty in vain would mount a heartless throne,
Her Right Divine is given by Love alone.

What would the rose with all her pride be worth,
Were there no sun to call her brightness forth ?
Maidens, unlov'd, like flowers in darkness thrown,
Wait but that light, which comes from Love alone.

Fair as thy charms in yonder glass appear,
Trust not their bloom, they'll fade from year to year :
Would'st thou they still should shine as first they shone,
Go, fix thy mirror in Love's eyes alone.

WHO'LL BUY?—'TIS FOLLY'S SHOP, WHO'LL BUY?

WHO'LL buy?—'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?—

We've toys to suit all ranks and ages;
Besides our usual fool's supply,

We've lots of playthings, too, for sages.
For reasoners, here's a juggler's cup,

That fullest seems when nothing's in it;
And nine-pins set, like systems, up,

To be knock'd down the following minute.

Who'll buy?—'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?

Gay caps we here of foolscap make,

For bards to wear in dog-day weather;
Or bards the bells alone may take,

And leave to wits the cap and feather.

Tetotums we've for patriots got,

Who court the mob with antics humble;
Like theirs the patriot's dizzy lot,

A glorious spin, and then—a tumble,

Who'll buy, &c. &c.

Here, wealthy misers to inter,

We've shrouds of neat post-obit paper;
While, for their heirs, we've *quicksilver*,

That, fast as they can wish, will caper.

For aldermen we've dials true,

That tell no hour but that of dinner;

For courtly parsons sermons new,

That suit alike both saint and sinner.

Who'll buy, &c. &c.

No time we've now to name our terms,
 But, whatsoe'er the whims that seize you,
 This oldest of all mortal firms,
 Folly and Co., will try to please you.
 Or, should you wish a darker hue
 Of goods than *we* can recommend you,
 Why then, (as we with lawyers do)
 To Knavery's shop next door we'll send you.
 Who'll buy, &c. &c.

AS O'ER HER LOOM THE LESBIAN MAID.

As o'er her loom the Lesbian Maid
 In love-sick languor hung her head,
 Unknowing where her fingers stray'd,
 She weeping turn'd away, and said,
 "Oh, my sweet Mother — 'tis in vain —
 "I cannot weave, as once I wove —
 "So wilder'd is my heart and brain
 "With thinking of that youth I love!"¹

Again the web she tried to trace,
 But tears fell o'er each tangled thread;
 While, looking in her mother's face,
 Who watchful o'er her lean'd, she said,
 "Oh, my sweet Mother — 'tis in vain —
 "I cannot weave, as once I wove —
 "So wilder'd is my heart and brain
 "With thinking of that youth I love!"

¹ I have attempted, in these four lines, to give some idea of that beautiful fragment of Sappho, beginning Γλυκεῖα μᾶτηρ, which represents so truly (as Warton remarks) "the languor and listlessness of a person deeply in love."

WHEN THE BALAIKA.¹

WHEN the Balaika
Is heard o'er the sea,
I'll dance the Romaika
By moonlight with thee.
If waves then, advancing,
Should steal on our play,
Thy white feet, in dancing,
Shall chase them away.²
When the Balaika
Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'lt dance the Romaika,
My own love, with me.

Then, at the closing
Of each merry lay,
How sweet 'tis, reposing,
Beneath the night ray !
Or if, declining,
The moon leave the skies,
We'll talk by the shining
Of each other's eyes.

Oh then, how featly
The dance we'll renew,

¹ This word is defrauded here, I suspect, of a syllable ; Dr. Clarke, if I recollect right, makes it "Balalaika."

² "I saw above thirty parties engaged in dancing the Romaika upon the sand ; in some of those groups, the girl who led them chased the retreating wave." — *Douglas on the Modern Greeks.*

Treading so fleetly
Its light mazes through : ¹
Till stars, looking o'er us
From heaven's high bow'rs,
Would change their bright chorus
For one dance of ours.
When the Balaika
Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'lt dance the Romaika,
My own love, with me.

AS BY THE SHORE, AT BREAK OF DAY.

As by the shore, at break of day,
A vanquish'd Chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands, with broken sword,
He trac'd his farewell to the Free ;
And, there, the last unfinish'd word
He dying wrote was "Liberty !"

At night a Sea-bird shriek'd the knell
Of him who thus for Freedom fell ;

¹ " In dancing the Romaika (says Mr. Douglas) they begin in slow and solemn step till they have gained the time, but by degrees the air becomes more sprightly ; the conductress of the dance sometimes setting to her partner, sometimes darting before the rest, and leading them through the most rapid evolutions ; sometimes crossing under the hands, which are held up to let her pass, and giving as much liveliness and intricacy as she can to the figures, into which she conducts her companions, while their business is to follow her in all her movements, without breaking the chain, or losing the measure."

The words he wrote, ere evening came,
Were covered by the sounding sea ; —
So pass away the cause and name
Of him who dies for Liberty !

I SAW, FROM YONDER SILENT CAVE.

I SAW, from yonder silent cave,
Two Fountains running, side by side,
The one was Mem'ry's limpid wave,
The other cold Oblivion's tide.
" Oh Love ! " said I, in thoughtless mood,
As deep I drank of Lethe's stream,
" Be all my sorrows in this flood
" Forgotten like a vanish'd dream ! "

But who could bear that gloomy blank,
Where joy was lost as well as pain ?
Quickly of Mem'ry's fount I drank,
And brought the past all back again ;
And said, " Oh Love ! whate'er my lot,
" Still let this soul to thee be true —
" Rather than have one bliss forgot,
" Be all my pains remember'd too ! "

OH, MEMORY, HOW COLDLY.

OH, Memory, how coldly
Thou paintest joy gone by :
Like rainbows, thy pictures
But mournfully shine and die.

Or, if some tints thou keepest,
That former days recall,
As o'er each line thou weapest,
Thy tears efface them all.

But, Memory, too truly
Thou paintest grief that's past ;
Joy's colours are fleeting,
But those of Sorrow last.
And, while thou bring'st before us
Dark pictures of past ill,
Life's evening, closing o'er us,
But makes them darker still.

HERE, WHILE THE MOONLIGHT DIM.

HERE, while the moonlight dim
Falls on that mossy brim,
Sing we our Fountain Hymn,
Maidens of Zea !
Nothing but Music's strain,
When Lovers part in pain,
Soothes, till they meet again,
Oh, Maids of Zea !

Bright Fount, so clear and cold,
Round which the nymphs of old
Stood, with their locks of gold,
Fountain of Zea !

Not even Castaly,
Fam'd though its streamlet be,
Murmurs or shines like thee,
Oh, Fount of Zea !

Thou, while our hymn we sing,
Thy silver voice shall bring,
Answering, answering,
Sweet Fount of Zea !
For, of all rills that run,
Sparkling by moon or sun,
Thou art the fairest one,
Bright Fount of Zea !

Now, by those stars that glance
Over heaven's still expanse,
Weave we our mirthful dance,
Daughters of Zea !
Such as, in former days,
Danc'd they, by Dian's rays,
Where the Eurotas strays,¹
Oh, Maids of Zea !

But when to merry feet
Hearts with no echo beat,
Say, can the dance be sweet ?
Maidens of Zea !

¹ "Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros." — *Virgil*.

No, nought but Music's strain,
When lovers part in pain,
Soothes, till they meet again,
Oh, Maids of Zea!

WHEN EVENING SHADES ARE FALLING

WHEN evening shades are falling
O'er Ocean's sunny sleep,
To pilgrims' hearts recalling
Their home beyond the deep ;
When, rest o'er all descending,
The shores with gladness smile,
And lutes, their echoes blending,
Are heard from isle to isle,
Then, Mary, Star of the Sea,¹
We pray, we pray, to thee!

The noon-day tempest over,
Now Ocean toils no more,
And wings of halcyons hover,
Where all was strife before.
Oh thus may life, in closing
Its short tempestuous day,
Beneath heaven's smile reposing,
Shine all its storms away :
Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray, to thee!

¹ One of the titles of the Virgin : — “ Maria illuminatrix, sive Stella Maris.” — *Isidor*.

AS ONCE A GRECIAN MAIDEN WOVE.

As once a Grecian maiden wove
Her garland mid the summer bow'rs,
There stood a youth, with eyes of love,
To watch her while she wreath'd the flow'rs.
The youth was skill'd in Painting's art,
But ne'er had studied woman's brow,
Nor knew what magic hues the heart
Can shed o'er Nature's charms, till now.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that's fair and bright below.

His hand had pictur'd many a rose,
And sketch'd the rays that light the brook ;
But what were these, or what were those,
To woman's blush, to woman's look ?
" Oh, if such magic pow'r there be,
" This, this," he cried, " is all my prayer,
" To paint that living light I see,
" And fix the soul that sparkles there."

His prayer, as soon as breath'd was heard ;
His pallet, touch'd by Love, grew warm,
And Painting saw her hues transferr'd
From lifeless flow'rs to woman's form.
Still as from tint to tint he stole,
The fair design shone out the more,
And there was now a life, a soul,
Where only colours glow'd before.

Then first carnations learnt to speak,
And lilies into life were brought ;
While, mantling on the maiden's cheek,
Young roses kindled into thought.
Then hyacinths their darkest dyes
Upon the locks of Beauty threw ;
And violets, transform'd to eyes,
Inshrin'd a soul within their blue.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that's fair and bright below.
Song was cold and Painting dim
Till song and Painting learn'd from him.

UP AND MARCH! THE TIMBREL'S SOUND

Up and march! the timbrel's sound
Wakes the slumb'ring camp around ;
Fleet thy hour of rest hath gone,
Armed sleeper, up, and on !
Long and weary is our way
O'er the burning sands to-day ;
But to pilgrim's homeward feet
Ev'n the desert path is sweet.

When we lie at dead of night,
Looking up to heaven's light,

Hearing but the watchman's tone
Faintly chaunting "God is one,"¹
Oh what thoughts then o'er us come
Of our distant village home,
Where that chaunt, when ev'ning sets,
Sounds from all the minarets.

Cheer thee!—soon shall signal lights,
Kindling o'er the Red Sea heights,
Kindling quick from man to man,
Hail our coming caravan :²
Think what bliss that hour will be!
Looks of home again to see,
And our names again to hear
Murmur'd out by voices dear.

NO LIFE IS LIKE THE MOUNTAINEER'S.

No life is like the mountaineer's,
His home is near the sky,
Where, thron'd above this world, he hears
Its strife at distance die.
Or, should the sound of hostile drum
Proclaim below, "We come—we come,"

¹ The watchmen, in the camp of the caravans, go their rounds, crying one after another, "God is one," &c. &c.

² "It was customary," says Irwin, "to light up fires on the mountains, within view of Cosseir, to give notice of the approach of the caravans that came from the Nile."

Each crag that tow'rs in air
Gives answer, "Come who dare!"
While, like bees, from dell and dingle,
Swift the swarming warriors mingle,
And their cry "Hurra!" will be,
"Hurra, to victory!"

Then, when battle's hour is over,
See the happy mountain lover,
With the nymph, who'll soon be bride,
Seated blushing by his side,—
Every shadow of his lot
In her sunny smile forgot.
Oh, no life is like the mountaineer's,
His home is near the sky,
Where, thron'd above this world, he hears
Its strife at distance die.
Nor only thus through summer suns
His blithe existence cheerly runs—
Even^d winter, bleak and dim,
Brings joyous hours to him;
When, his rifle behind him flinging,
He watches the roe-buck springing,
And away, o'er the hills away
Re-echoes his glad "hurra."

Then how blest, when night is closing,
By the kindled hearth reposing,
To his rebeck's drowsy song,
He beguiles the hour along;

Or, provok'd by merry glances,
 To a brisker movement dances,
 Till, weary at last, in slumber's chain,
 He dreams o'er chase and dance again,
 Dreams, dreams them o'er again.

THOU ART NOT DEAD—THOU ART NOT DEAD !¹

THOU art not dead—thou art not dead !

No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Thy soul, to realms above us fled,

Though, like a star, it dwells o'er head,

Still lights this world below.

Thou art not dead—thou art not dead !

No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Through isles of light, where heroes tread

And flow'rs ethereal blow,

Thy god-like Spirit now is led,

Thy lip, with life ambrosial fed,

Forgets all taste of woe.

Thou art not dead—thou art not dead !

No, dearest Harmodius, no.

The myrtle, round that falchion spread

Which struck the immortal blow,

Throughout all time, with leaves unshed—

The patriot's hope, the tyrant's dread—

Round Freedom's shrine shall grow.

Thou art not dead—thou art not dead !

No, dearest Harmodius, no.

¹ Φιλαθ' 'Αρμοδι' ουπω τεθνηκας.

Where hearts like thine have broke or bled,
Though quench'd the vital glow,
Their mem'ry lights a flame, instead,
Which, ev'n from out the narrow bed
Of death its beams shall throw.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead !
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Thy name, by myriads sung and said,
From age to age shall go,
Long as the oak and ivy wed,
As bees shall haunt Hymettus' head,
Or Helle's waters flow.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead !
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

CALM AS, BENEATH ITS MOTHER'S EYES.

CALM as, beneath its mother's eyes,
In sleep the smiling infant lies,
So, watch'd by all the stars of night,
Yon landscape sleeps in light,
And while the night-breeze dies away,
Like relics of some faded strain,
Lov'd voices, lost for many a day,
Seem whisp'ring round again.
Oh youth ! oh Love ! ye dreams, that shed
Such glory once — where are ye fled ?
Pure ray of light that, down the sky,
Art pointing, like an angel's wand,

As if to guide to realms that lie
In that bright sea beyond :
Who knows but, in some brighter deep
Than ev'n that tranquil, moon-lit main,
Some land may lie, where those who weep
Shall wake to smile again !

AS LOVE, ONE SUMMER EVE, WAS STRAYING.

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,
Who should he see, at that soft hour,
But young Minerva, gravely playing
Her flute within an olive bow'r.
I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion
That, grave or merry, good or ill,
The sex all bow to his dominion,
As woman will be woman still.

Though seldom yet the boy hath giv'n
To learned dames his smiles or sighs,
So handsome Pallas look'd, that ev'n,
Love quite forgot the maid was wise.
Besides, a youth of his discerning
Knew well that, by a shady rill,
At sunset hour, whate'er her learning,
A woman will be woman still.

Her flute he prais'd in terms extatic, —
Wishing it dumb, nor car'd how soon ; —
For Wisdom's notes, howe'er chromatic,
To Love seem always out of tune.

But long as he found face to flatter,
The nymph found breath to shake and thrill ;
As, weak or wise—it doesn't matter—
Woman, at heart, is woman still.

Love chang'd his plan, with warmth exclaiming,
“How rosy was her lip's soft dye ;”
And much that flute, the flatt'rer, blaming,
For twisting lips so sweet awry.
The nymph look'd down, beheld her features
Reflected in the passing rill,
And started, shock'd—for, ah, ye creatures!
Ev'n when divine, you're women still.

Quick from the lips it made so odious,
That graceless flute the goddess took,
And, while yet fill'd with breath melodious,
Flung it into the glassy brook ;
Where, as its vocal life was fleeting
Adown the current, faint and shrill,
'Twas heard in plaintive tone repeating,
“Woman, alas, vain woman still !”

WHO COMES SO GRACEFULLY.

“WHO comes so gracefully
“ Gliding along,
“ While the blue rivulet
“ Sleeps to her song ;

“ Song, richly vying
“ With the faint sighing
“ Which swans, in dying,
“ Sweetly prolong ? ”

So sung the shepherd-boy,
By the stream's side,
Watching that fairy boat
Down the flood glide,
Like a bird winging,
Through the waves bringing
That Syren, singing
To the hush'd tide.

“ Stay,” said the shepherd-boy,
“ Fairy-boat, stay,
“ Linger, sweet minstrelsy,
“ Linger a day.”
But vain his pleading,
Past him, unheeding,
Song and boat, speeding,
Glided away.

So to our youthful eyes
Joy and hope shone ;
So, while we gaz'd on them,
Fast they flew on ; —
Like flow'rs, declining
Ev'n in the twining,
One moment shining,
And, the next, gone !

WELCOME, SWEET BIRD.

WELCOME, sweet bird, through the sunny air winging,
Swift hast thou come o'er the far-shining sea,
Like Seba's dove, on thy snowy neck bringing
Love's written vows from my lover to me.
Oh, in thy absence, what hours did I number ;—
Saying oft, "Idle bird, how could he rest?"
But thou art come at last, take now thy slumber,
And lull thee in dreams of all thou lov'st best.

Yet dost thou droop—even now while I utter
Love's happy welcome, thy pulse dies away ;
Cheer thee, my bird—were it life's ebbing flutter,
This fondling bosom should woo it to stay.
But no—thou'rt dying—thy last task is over—
Farewell, sweet martyr to Love and to me !
The smiles thou hast waken'd by news from my lover,
Will now all be turn'd into weeping for thee.

UP WITH THE SPARKLING BRIMMER.

UP with the sparkling brimmer,
Up to the crystal rim ;
Let not a moonbeam glimmer
'Twixt the flood and brim,
When hath the world set eyes on
Aught to match this light,
Which, o'er our cup's horizon,
Dawns in bumpers bright ?

Truth in a deep well lieth —
So the wise aver :
But Truth the fact denieth —
Water suits not her.
No, her abode's in brimmers,
Like this mighty cup —
Waiting till we, good swimmers,
Dive to bring her up.

MARCH! NOR HEED THOSE ARMS THAT HOLD
THEE.

MARCH! nor heed those arms that hold thee,
Though so fondly close they come;
Closer still will they enfold thee,
When thou bring'st fresh laurels home.
Dost thou dote on woman's brow?
Dost thou live but in her breath?
March! — one hour of victory now
Wins thee woman's smile till death.

Oh what bliss, when war is over,
Beauty's long-miss'd smile to meet,
And, when wreaths our temples cover,
Lay them shining at her feet;
Who would not, that hour to reach,
Breathe out life's expiring sigh, —
Proud as waves that on the beach
Lay their war-crests down, and die?

There ! I see thy soul is burning —
She herself, who clasps thee so,
Paints, ev'n now, thy glad returning,
And, while clasping, bids thee go.
One deep sigh, to passion given,
One last glowing tear and then —
March !—nor rest thy sword, till Heaven
Brings thee to those arms again.

“’TIS THE VINE ! ’TIS THE VINE !”

“’Tis the Vine ! ’tis the Vine !” said the cup-loving boy,
As he saw it spring bright from the earth
And call’d the young Genii of Wit, Love, and Joy,
To witness and hallow its birth.
The fruit was full grown, like a ruby it flam’d
Till the sun-beam that kiss’d it look’d pale :
“Tis the Vine ! ’tis the Vine !” ev’ry Spirit exclaim’d,
“Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail !”

First, fleet as a bird, to the summons Wit flew,
While a light on the vine-leaves there broke,
In flashes so quick and so brilliant, all knew
’Twas the light from his lips as he spoke.
“Bright tree ! let thy nectar but cheer me,” he cried,
“And the fount of Wit never can fail :”
“’Tis the Vine ! ’tis the Vine !” hills and vallies reply,
“Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail !”

Next, Love, as he lean'd o'er the plant to admire
Each tendril and cluster it wore,
From his rosy mouth sent such a breath of desire,
As made the tree tremble all o'er.
Oh, never did flow'r of the earth, sea, or sky,
Such a soul-giving odour inhale :
" 'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" all re-echo the cry,
" Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail! "

Last, Joy, without whom even Love and Wit die,
Came to crown the bright hour with his ray ;
And scarce had that mirth-waking tree met his eye,
When a laugh spoke what Joy could not say ;—
A laugh of the heart, which was echoed around
Till, like music, it swell'd on the gale ;
" 'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" laughing myriads re-
sound,
" Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail! "

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

WHEN o'er the silent seas alone,
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
Oh they who've felt it know how sweet,
Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

Sparkling at once is ev'ry eye,
" Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! " our joyful cry ;
While answering back the sounds we hear
" Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! what cheer? what cheer? "

Then sails are back'd, we nearer come,
Kind words are said of friends and home ;
And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again.

HIP, HIP, HURRA !

COME, fill round a bumper, fill up to the brim,
He who shrinks from a bumper I pledge not to him ;
“ Here's the girl that each loves, be her eye of what hue,
“ Or lustre, it may, so her heart is but true.”

Charge ! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra !

Come, charge high again, boys, nor let the full wine
Leave a space in the brimmer, where daylight may shine ;
“ Here's the friends of our youth — though of some we're
bereft,

“ May the links that are lost but endear what are left !”

Charge ! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra !

Once more fill a bumper — ne'er talk of the hour ;
On hearts thus united old Time has no pow'r.

“ May our lives, tho' alas ! like the wine of to-night,

“ They must soon have an end, to the last flow as bright.”

Charge ! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra !

Quick, quick, now, I'll give you, since Time's glass will
run

Ev'n faster than ours doth, three bumpers in one ;

“Here’s the poet who sings — here’s the warrior who fights —

“Here’s the statesman who speaks, in the cause of men’s rights!”

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Come, once more, a bumper! then drink as you please,
Tho’ *who* could fill half-way to toasts such as these?

“Here’s our next joyous meeting — and oh when we meet,

“May our wine be as bright and our union as sweet!”

Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

HUSH, HUSH!

“HUSH, hush!” how well

That sweet word sounds,

When Love, the little sentinel,

Walks his night-rounds;

Then, if a foot but dare

One rose-leaf crush,

Myriads of voices in the air

Whisper, “Hush, hush!”

“Hark, hark, ’tis he!”

The night-elves cry,

And hush their fairy harmony,

While he steals by;

But if his silv’ry feet

One dew-drop brush,

Voices are heard in chorus sweet,

Whisp’ring, “Hush, hush!”

THE PARTING BEFORE THE BATTLE.

HE.

ON to the field, our doom is seal'd,
To conquer or be slaves :
This sun shall see our nation free,
Or set upon our graves.

SHE.

Farewell, oh farewell, my love,
May Heav'n thy guardian be,
And send bright angels from above
To bring thee back to me.

HE.

On to the field, the battle-field,
Where Freedom's standard waves,
This sun shall see our tyrant yield,
Or shine upon our graves.

THE WATCHMAN.

A TRIO.

WATCHMAN.

PAST twelve o'clock — past twelve.

Good night, good night, my dearest —
How fast the moments fly !
'Tis time to part, thou hearest
That hateful watchman's cry.

WATCHMAN.

Past one o'clock — past one.

Yet stay a moment longer —

Alas! why is it so,

The wish to stay grows stronger,

The more 'tis time to go?

WATCHMAN.

Past two o'clock — past two.

Now wrap thy cloak about thee —

The hours must sure go wrong,

For when they're passed without thee,

They're, oh, ten times as long.

WATCHMAN.

Past three o'clock — past three.

Again that dreadful warning!

Had ever time such flight?

And see the sky, 'tis morning —

So now, *indeed*, good night.

WATCHMAN.

Past three o'clock — past three.

Good night, good night.

SAY, WHAT SHALL WE DANCE?

SAY, what shall we dance?

Shall we bound along the moonlight plain,

To music of Italy, Greece, or Spain?

Say, what shall we dance?

Shall we, like those who rove
Through bright Grenada's grove,
To the light Bolero's measures move?
Or choose the Guaracia's languishing lay,
And thus to its sound die away?

Strike the gay chords,
Let us hear each strain from ev'ry shore
That music haunts, or young feet wander o'er.
Hark! 'tis the light march, to whose measured time,
The Polish lady, by her lover led,
Delights through gay saloons with step untired to tread,
Or sweeter still, through moonlight walks,
Whose shadows serve to hide
The blush that's rais'd by him who talks
Of love the while by her side;
Then comes the smooth waltz, to whose floating sound
Like dreams we go gliding around,
Say, which shall we dance? which shall we dance?



THE EVENING GUN.

REMEMB'REST thou that setting sun,
The last I saw with thee,
When loud we heard the ev'ning gun
Peal o'er the twilight sea?
Boom! — the sounds appear'd to sweep
Far o'er the verge of day,
Till, into realms beyond the deep,
They seem'd to die away.

Oft, when the toils of day are done,
In pensive dreams of thee,
I sit to hear that ev'ning gun,
Peal o'er the stormy sea.
Boom! — and while, o'er billows curl'd,
The distant sounds decay,
I weep and wish, from this rough world,
Like them, to die away.

TO-DAY, DEAREST! IS OURS.

To-DAY, dearest! is ours;
Why should Love carelessly lose it?
This life shines or lowers
Just as we, weak mortals, use it.
'Tis time enough, when its flow'rs decay,
To think of the thorns of Sorrow;
And Joy, if left on the stem to-day,
May wither before to-morrow.

Then why, dearest! so long
Let the sweet moments fly over?
Though now, blooming and young,
Thou hast me devoutly thy lover:
Yet Time from both, in his silent lapse,
Some treasure may steal or borrow;
Thy charms may be less in bloom, perhaps,
Or I less in love to-morrow.

WHEN ON THE LIP THE SIGH DELAYS.

WHEN on the lip the sigh delays,
As if 'twould linger there for ever ;
When eyes would give the world to gaze,
Yet still look down, and venture never ;
When, though with fairest nymphs we rove,
There's one we dream of more than any—
If all this is not real love,
'Tis something wond'rous like it, Fanny !

To think and ponder, when apart,
On all we've got to say at meeting ;
And yet when near, with heart to heart,
Sit mute, and listen to their beating :
To see but one bright object move,
The only moon, where stars are many —
If all this is not downright love,
I prithee say what *is*, my Fanny !

When Hope foretells the brightest, best,
Though Reason on the darkest reckons ;
When Passion drives us to the west,
Though Prudence to the eastward beckons ;
When all turns round, below, above,
And our own heads the most of any —
If this is not stark, staring love,
Then you and I are sages, Fanny.

HERE, TAKE MY HEART.

HERE, take my heart — 'twill be safe in thy keeping,
While I go wand'ring o'er land and o'er sea;
Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,
What need I care, so my heart is with thee?

If, in the race we are destin'd to run, love,
They who have light hearts the happiest be,
Then, happier still must be they who have none, love,
And that will be *my* case when mine is with thee.

It matters not where I may now be a rover,
I care not how many bright eyes I may see;
Should Venus herself come and ask me to love her,
I'd tell her I couldn't — my heart is with thee.

And there let it lie, growing fonder and fonder —
For, even should Fortune turn truant to me,
Why, let her go — I've a treasure beyond her,
As long as my heart's out at int'rest with thee!

OH, CALL IT BY SOME BETTER NAME.

OH, call it by some better name,
For Friendship sounds too cold,
While Love is now a worldly flame,
Whose shrine must be of gold;
And Passion, like the sun at noon,
That burns o'er all he sees,
Awhile as warm, will set as soon —
Then, call it none of these.

Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay
Than Friendship, Love, and Passion are,
Yet human still as they :
And if thy lip, for love like this,
No mortal word can frame,
Go, ask of angels what it is,
And call it by that name !

POOR WOUNDED HEART.

Poor wounded heart, farewell !
Thy hour of rest is come ;
Thou soon wilt reach thy home,
Poor wounded heart, farewell !
The pain thou'lt feel in breaking
Less bitter far will be,
Than that long, deadly aching,
This life has been to thee.

There — broken heart, farewell !
The pang is o'er —
The parting pang is o'er ;
Thou now wilt bleed no more,
Poor broken heart, farewell !
No rest for thee but dying —
Like waves, whose strife is past,
On death's cold shore thus lying,
Thou sleep'st in peace at last —
Poor broken heart, farewell !

THE EAST INDIAN.

COME, May, with all thy flowers,
Thy sweetly-scented thorn,
Thy cooling ev'ning showers,
Thy fragrant breath at morn :
When May-flies haunt the willow,
When May-buds tempt the bee,
Then o'er the shining billow
My love will come to me.

From Eastern Isles she's winging,
Through wat'ry wilds, her way,
And on her cheek is bringing
The bright sun's orient ray :
Oh, come and court her hither,
Ye breezes mild and warm—
One winter's gale would wither
So soft, so pure a form.

The fields where she was straying
Are blest with endless light,
With zephyrs always playing
Through gardens always bright.
Then now, sweet May! be sweeter
Than e'er thou'st been before ;
Let sighs from roses meet her
When she comes near our shore.

POOR BROKEN FLOWER.

POOR broken flow'r ! what art can now recover thee ?

Torn from the stem that fed thy rosy breath —

In vain the sun-beams seek

To warm that faded cheek ;

The dews of heav'n, that once like balm fell over thee,

Now are but tears, to weep thy early death.

So droops the maid whose lover hath forsaken her, —

Thrown from his arms, as lone and lost as thou ;

In vain the smiles of all

Like sun-beams round her fall ;

The only smile that could from death awaken her,

That smile, alas ! is gone to others now.

THE PRETTY ROSE-TREE.

BEING weary of love,

I flew to the grove,

And chose me a tree of the fairest ;

Saying, " Pretty Rose-tree,

" Thou my mistress shalt be,

" And I'll worship each bud thou bearest.

" For the hearts of this world are hollow,

" And fickle the smiles we follow ;

" And 'tis sweet, when all

" Their witch'ries pall,

" To have a pure love to fly to :

" So, my pretty Rose-tree,

" Thou my mistress shalt be,

" And the only one now I shall sigh to."

When the beautiful hue
Of thy cheek through the dew
Of morning is bashfully peeping,
 “ Sweet tears,” I shall say
 (As I brush them away),
“ At least there’s no art in this weeping.”
Although thou should’st die to-morrow,
’Twill not be from pain or sorrow ;
 And the thorns of thy stem
 Are not like them
With which men wound each other :
 So my pretty Rose-tree,
 Thou my mistress shalt be,
And I’ll ne’er again sigh to another.

SHINE OUT, STARS !

SHINE out, Stars ! let Heav’n assemble
 Round us ev’ry festal ray,
Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
 All to grace this Eve of May.
Let the flow’r-beds all lie waking,
 And the odours shut up there,
From their downy prisons breaking,
 Fly abroad through sea and air.

And would Love, too, bring his sweetness,
 With our other joys to weave,
Oh what glory, what completeness,
 Then would crown this bright May Eve !

Shine out, Stars! let night assemble
Round us every festal ray,
Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
To adorn this Eve of May.

THE YOUNG MULETEERS OF GRENADA.

OH, the joys of our ev'ning posada,
Where, resting at close of day,
We, young Muleteers of Grenada,
Sit and sing the sunshine away ;
So merry, that even the slumbers,
That round us hung, seem gone ;
Till the lute's soft drowsy numbers
Again beguile them on.
Oh, the joys, &c.

Then as each to his loved sultana
In sleep still breathes the sigh,
The name of some black-eyed 'Tirana
Escapes our lips as we lie.
Till, with morning's rosy twinkle,
Again we're up and gone —
While the mule-bell's drowsy tinkle
Beguiles the rough way on.
Oh, the joys of our merry posada,
Where, resting at close of day,
We, young Muleteers of Grenada,
Thus sing the gay moments away.

TELL HER, OH TELL HER.

TELL her, oh, tell her, the lute she left lying
Beneath the green arbour, is still lying there ;
And breezes, like lovers, around it are sighing,
But not a soft whisper replies to their pray'r.

Tell her, oh tell her, the tree that, in going,
Beside the green arbour she playfully set,
As lovely as ever is blushing and blowing,
And not a bright leaflet has fall'n from it yet.

So while away from that arbour forsaken,
The maiden is wandering, still let her be
As true as the lute, that no sighing can waken,
And blooming for ever, unchang'd as the tree !

NIGHTS OF MUSIC.

NIGHTS of music, nights of loving,
Lost too soon, remember'd long,
When we went by moonlight roving,
Hearts all love and lips all song.
When this faithful lute recorded
All my spirit felt to thee ;
And that smile the song rewarded—
Worth whole years of fame to me !

Nights of song, and nights of splendour,
Fill'd with joys too sweet to last —

Joys that, like the star-light, tender,
While they shone no shadow cast.
Though all other happy hours
From my fading mem'ry fly,
Of that star-light, of those bowers,
Not a beam, a leaf shall die!

OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE.

Our first young love resembles
That short but brilliant ray,
Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles
Through April's earliest day,
And not all life before us,
Howe'er its lights may play,
Can shed a lustre o'er us
Like that first April ray.

Our summer sun may squander
A blaze serener, grander ;
Our autumn beam
May, like a dream
Of heav'n, die calm away ;
But, no—let life before us
Bring all the light it may,
'Twill ne'er shed lustre o'er us
Like that first youthful ray.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

THE brilliant black eye
May in triumph let fly
All its darts without caring who feels 'em ;
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleas'd when it heals 'em —
Dear Fanny !
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleas'd when it heals 'em.

The black eye may say,
“Come and worship my ray —
“By adoring, perhaps, you may move me !”
But the blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
“I love, and am yours, if you love me !”
Yes, Fanny !
The blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
“I love, and am yours, if you love me !”

Come tell me, then, why,
In that lovely blue eye,
Not a charm of its tint I discover ;
Oh, why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said “No” to a lover ?

Dear Fanny !
Oh, why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover ?

DEAR FANNY.

"SHE has beauty, but still you must keep your heart cool ;
"She has wit, but you mustn't be caught so :"
Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool,
And 'tis not the first time I have thought so,
Dear Fanny,
'Tis not the first time I have thought so.

"She is lovely ; then love her, nor let the bliss fly ;
"'Tis the charin of youth's vanishing season :"
Thus Love has advis'd me, and who will deny
That Love reasons much better than Reason,
Dear Fanny ?
Love reasons much better than Reason.

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

FROM life without freedom, say, who would not fly ?
For one day of freedom, oh ! who would not die ?
Hark !—hark ! 'tis the trumpet ! the call of the brave,
The death-song of tyrants, the dirge of the slave.
Our country lies bleeding—haste, haste to her aid ;
One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains —
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.
On, on to the combat; the heroes that bleed
For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
And oh, ev'n if Freedom from *this* world be driven,
Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven.

HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE's the bower she lov'd so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here's the harp she used to touch—
Oh, how that touch enchanted!
Roses now unheeded sigh;
Where's the hand to wreath them?
Songs around neglected lie;
Where's the lip to breathe them?
Here's the bower, &c.

Spring may bloom, but she we lov'd
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness;
Time, that once so fleetly mov'd
Now hath lost its fleetness.
Years were days, when here she stray'd,
Days were moments near her;
Heav'n ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
Nor Pity wept a dearer!
Here's the bower, &c.

I SAW THE MOON RISE CLEAR.

A FINLAND LOVE SONG.

I SAW the moon rise clear
O'er hills and vales of snow,
Nor told my fleet rein-deer
The track I wish'd to go.
Yet quick he bounded forth ;
For well my rein-deer knew
I've but one path on earth—
The path which leads to you.

The gloom that winter east
How soon the heart forgets,
When Summer brings, at last,
Her sun that never sets !
So dawn'd my love for you ;
So, fix'd through joy and pain,
Than summer sun more true,
'Twill never set again.

LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

YOUNG Love found a Dial once, in a dark shade,
Where man ne'er had wander'd nor sunbeam play'd ;
“ Why thus in darkness lie,” whisper'd young Love ;
“ Thou, whose gay hours in sunshine should move ? ”
“ I ne'er,” said the Dial, “ have seen the warm sun,
“ So noonday and midnight to me, Love, are one.”

Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,
And plac'd her where Heav'n's beam warmly play'd.
There she reclin'd, beneath Love's gazing eye,
While, mark'd all with sunshine, her hours flew by.
"Oh, how," said the Dial, "can any fair maid,
"That's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade?"

But night now comes on, and the sunbeam's o'er,
And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more.
Alone and neglected, while bleak rain and winds
Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds
That Love had but number'd a few sunny hours,—
Then left the remainder to darkness and showers!

LOVE AND TIME.

'Tis said—but whether true or not
Let bards declare who've seen 'em—
That Love and Time have only got
One pair of wings between 'em.
In courtship's first delicious hour,
The boy full oft can spare 'em;
So loit'ring in his lady's bower,
He lets the grey-beard wear 'em.
Then is Time's hour of play;
Oh, how he flies, flies away!

But short the moments, short as bright,
When he the wings can borrow;
If Time to-day has had his flight,
Love takes his turn to-morrow.

Ah! Time and Love, your change is then
The saddest and most trying,
When one begins to limp again,
And t'other takes to flying.
Then is Love's hour to stray;
Oh, how he flies, flies away!

But there's a nymph, whose chains I feel,
And bless the silken fetter,
Who knows, the dear one, how to deal
With Love and Time much better.
So well she checks their wanderings,
So peacefully she pairs 'em,
That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,
And Time for ever wears 'em.
This is Time's holiday;
Oh, how he flies, flies away!

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us—
Youth may wither, but feeling will last;
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,
Love's light summer-cloud only shall cast.
Oh, if to love thee more
Each hour I number o'er—
If this a passion be
Worthy of thee,
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:

All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Rest, dear bosom, no sorrows shall pain thee,
Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal ;
Beam, bright eyelid, no weeping shall stain thee,
Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.

Oh, if there be a charm
In love, to banish harm—
If pleasure's truest spell
Be to love well,

Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.

Charms may wither, but feeling shall last :
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

LOVE, WAND'RING THROUGH THE GOLDEN MAZE.

Love, wand'ring through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Trac'd every lock with fond delays,
And, doting, linger'd there.
And soon he found 'twere vain to fly ;
His heart was close confin'd,
For, every ringlet was a tie—
A chain by beauty twin'd.

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH.

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

MERRILY every bosom boundeth,
Merrily, oh !
Where the song of Freedom soundeth,
Merrily, oh !
There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendour ;
There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender ;
Ev'ry joy the land surroundeth,
Merrily, oh ! merrily, oh !

Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily, oh !
Where the bond of slavery twineth
Wearily, oh !
There the warrior's dart
Hath no fleetness ;
There the maiden's heart
Hath no sweetness—
Ev'ry flow'r of life declineth,
Wearily, oh ! wearily, oh !

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily, oh !
Like your native fountains sally,
Cherrily, oh !
If a glorious death,
Won by bravery,

Sweeter be than breath
Sigh'd in slavery,
Round the flag of Freedom rally,
Cheerily, oh ! cheerily, oh !

REMEMBER THE TIME.

THE CASTILIAN MAID.

REMEMBER the time, in La Mancha's shades,
When our moments so blissfully flew ;
When you call'd me the flower of Castilian maids,
And I blush'd to be call'd so by you ;
When I taught you to warble the gay seguidille,
And to dance to the light castanet ;
Oh, never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle,
Every hour a new passion can feel ;
And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
Or they never could think you would rove ;
For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war
That is fondest and truest in love.

OH, SOON RETURN.

Our white sail caught the ev'ning ray,
The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,

When all the weeping maid could say
Was, "Oh, soon return!"
Through many a clime our ship was driven,
O'er many a billow rudely thrown;
Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,
Now sunn'd in summer's zone:
And still, where'er we bent our way,
When evening bid the west wave burn,
I fancied still I heard her say,
"Oh, soon return!"

If ever yet my bosom found
Its thoughts one moment turn'd from thee,
'Twas when the combat rag'd around,
And brave men look'd to me.
But though the war-field's wild alarm
For gentle Love was all unmeet,
He lent to Glory's brow the charm,
Which made even danger sweet.
And still, when vict'ry's calm came o'er
The hearts where rage had ceas'd to burn,
Those parting words I heard once more,
"Oh, soon return! — Oh, soon return!"

LOVE THEE ?

Love thee ? — so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt lov'd, ador'd by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Were worthless without thee.

Though brimm'd with blessings, pure and rare,
Life's cup before me lay,
Unless thy love were mingled there,
I'd spurn the draught away.
Love thee? — so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt lov'd, ador'd by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Are worthless without thee.

Without thy smile, the monarch's lot
To me were dark and lone,
While, *with* it, ev'n the humblest cot
Were brighter than his throne.
Those worlds, for which the conqu'ror sighs,
For me would have no charms ;
My only world thy gentle eyes —
My throne thy circling arms !
Oh, yes, so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt lov'd, ador'd by me,
Whole realms of light and liberty
Were worthless without thee.

ONE DEAR SMILE.

COULDST thou look as dear as when
First I sigh'd for thee ;
Couldst thou make me feel again
Every wish I breath'd thee then,
Oh, how blissful life would be !

Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,
Joys, that lie in slumber cold —
All would wake, couldst thou but give me
One dear smile like those of old.

No — there's nothing left us now,
But to mourn the past ;
Vain was every ardent vow —
Never yet did heaven allow
Love so warm, so wild, to last.
Not even hope could now deceive me —
Life itself looks dark and cold :
Oh, thou never more canst give me
One dear smile like those of old.

YES, YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.

YES, yes, when the bloom of Love's boyhood is o'er,
He'll turn into friendship that feels no decay ;
And, though Time may take from him the wings he
once wore,
The charms that remain will be bright as before,
And he'll lose but his young trick of flying away.

Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,
That Friendship our last happy moments will crown :
Like the shadows of morning Love lessens away,
While Friendship, like those at the closing of day,
Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.

THE DAY OF LOVE.

THE beam of morning trembling
Stole o'er the mountain brook,
With timid ray resembling
Affection's early look.
Thus love begins — sweet morn of love !

The noon-tide ray ascended,
And o'er the valley's stream
Diffus'd a glow as splendid
As passion's riper dream.
Thus love expands — warm noon of love !

But evening came, o'ershading
The glories of the sky,
Like faith and fondness fading,
From passion's alter'd eye.
Thus love declines — cold eve of love !

LUSITANIAN WAR-SONG.

THE song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till not one hateful link remains
Of slavery's lingering chains ;
Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains.
No ! never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, oh Peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till Victory's self shall, smiling, say,
"Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,
"And Freedom comes, with new-born ray,
"To gild your vines and light your fountains."
Oh, never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, sweet Peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

THE YOUNG ROSE.

THE young rose I give thee, so dewy and bright,
Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of night,
Who oft, by the moon, o'er her blushes hath hung,
And thrill'd ev'ry leaf with the wild lay he sung.

Oh, take thou this young rose, and let her life be
Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from thee ;
For, while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still

WHEN MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

WHEN midst the gay I meet
That gentle smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine :

But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
Oh, then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them while they flow.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free ;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile in many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem.
But, when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh, then the smile is warm'd away,
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free ;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

WHEN twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love.
And thou too, on that orb so dear,
Dost often gaze at even,

And think, though lost for ever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven.

There's not a garden-walk I tread,
There's not a flow'r I see, love,
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy that's gone with thee, love.
And still I wish that hour was near,
When, friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through here,
May turn to smiles in heaven.

YOUNG JESSICA.

YOUNG Jessica sat all the day,
With heart o'er idle love-thoughts pining ;
Her needle bright beside her lay,
So active once! — now idly shining.
Ah, Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
That love and mischief are most nimble ;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

The child, who with a magnet plays,
Well knowing all its arts, so wily,
The tempter near a needle lays,
And laughing says, "We'll steal it slily."
The needle, having nought to do,
Is pleas'd to let the magnet wheedle ;
Till closer, closer come the two,
And — off, at length, elopes the needle.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
To some gay reticule's construction,
It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
Nor felt the magnet's sly seduction.
Thus, girls, would you keep quiet hearts,
Your snowy fingers must be nimble ;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

HOW HAPPY, ONCE.

How happy, once, though wing'd with sighs,
My moments flew along,
While looking on those smiling eyes,
And list'ning to thy magic song !
But vanish'd now, like summer dreams,
Those moments smile no more ;
For me that eye no longer beams,
That song for me is o'er.
Mine the cold brow,
That speaks thy alter'd vow,
While others feel thy sunshine now.

Oh, could I change my love like thee,
One hope might yet be mine —
Some other eyes as bright to see,
And hear a voice as sweet as thine :
But never, never can this heart
Be wak'd to life again ;

With thee it lost its vital part,
And wither'd then !
Cold its pulse lies,
And mute are ev'n its sighs,
All other grief it now defies.

I LOVE BUT THEE.

IF, after all, you still will doubt and fear me,
And think this heart to other loves will stray,
If I must swear, then, lovely doubter, hear me ;
By ev'ry dream I have when thou'rt away,
By ev'ry throb I feel when thou art near me,
I love but thee—I love but thee !

By those dark eyes, where light is ever playing,
Where Love, in depth of shadow, holds his throne,
And by those lips, which give whate'er thou'rt saying,
Or grave or gay, a music of its own,
A music far beyond all minstrel's playing,
I love but thee—I love but thee !

By that fair brow, where Innocence reposes,
As pure as moonlight sleeping upon snow,
And by that cheek, whose fleeting blush discloses
A hue too bright to bless this world below,
And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,
I love but thee—I love but thee !

LET JOY ALONE BE REMEMBER'D NOW.

LET thy joys alone be remember'd now,
Let thy sorrows go sleep awhile ;
Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,
Let Love light it up with his smile.
For thus to meet, and thus to find,
That Time, whose touch can chill
Each flower of form, each grace of mind,
Hath left thee blooming still,—
Oh, joy alone should be thought of now,
Let our sorrows go sleep awhile ;
Or, should thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,
Let Love light it up with his smile.

When the flowers of life's sweet garden fade,
If but *one* bright leaf remain,
Of the many that once its glory made,
It is not for us to complain.
But thus to meet and thus to wake
In all Love's early bliss ;
Oh, Time all other gifts may take,
So he but leaves us this !
Then let joy alone be remember'd now,
Let our sorrows go sleep awhile ;
Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,
Let Love light it up with his smile!

LOVE THEE, DEAREST ? LOVE THEE ?

Love thee, dearest ? love thee ?

Yes, by yonder star I swear,

Which through tears above thee
Shines so sadly fair ;
Though often dim,
With tears, like him,
Like him my truth will shine,
And — love thee, dearest ? love thee ?
Yes, till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest ? leave thee ?
No, that star is not more true ;
When my vows deceive thee,
He will wander too.
A cloud of night
May veil his light,
And death shall darken mine —
But — leave thee, dearest ? leave thee ?
No, till death I'm thine.

MY HEART AND LUTE.

I GIVE thee all — I can no more —
Though poor the off'ring be ;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.
A lute whose gentle song reveals
The soul of love full well ;
And, better far, a heart that feels
Much more than lute could tell.

Though love and song may fail, alas !
To keep life's clouds away,

At least 'twill make them lighter pass
Or gild them if they stay.
And ev'n if Care, at moments, flings
A discord o'er life's happy strain,
Let love but gently touch the strings,
'Twill all be sweet again!

PEACE, PEACE TO HIM THAT'S GONE!

WHEN I am dead
Then lay my head
In some lone, distant dell,
Where voices ne'er
Shall stir the air,
Or break its silent spell.

If any sound
Be heard around,
Let the sweet bird alone,
That weeps in song
Sing all night long,
“Peace, peace, to him that's gone!”

Yet, oh, were mine
One sigh of thine,
One pitying word from thee,
Like gleams of heav'n,
To sinners giv'n,
Would be that word to me.

Howe'er unblest,
My shade would rest
While list'ning to that tone ;—
Enough 'twould be
To hear from thee,
“Peace, peace, to him that's gone!”

ROSE OF THE DESERT.

ROSE of the Desert ! thou, whose blushing ray,
Lonely and lovely, fleets unseen away ;
No hand to cull thee, none to woo thy sigh, —
In vestal silence left to live and die, —
Rose of the Desert ! thus should woman be,
Shining uncourted, lone and safe, like thee.

Rose of the Garden, how unlike thy doom !
Destin'd for others, not thyself, to bloom ;
Cull'd e'er thy beauty lives through half its day ;
A moment cherish'd, and then cast away ;
Rose of the Garden ! such is woman's lot, —
Worshipp'd, while blooming — when she fades, forgot.

'TIS ALL FOR THEE.

IF life for me hath joy or light,
'Tis all from thee,
My thoughts by day, my dreams by night,
Are but of thee, of only thee.

Whate'er of hope or peace I know,
My zest in joy, my balm in woe,
To those dear eyes of thine I owe,
 'Tis all from thee.

My heart, ev'n ere I saw those eyes,
 Seem'd doom'd to thee ;
Kept pure till then from other ties,
 'Twas all for thee, for only thee.
Like plants that sleep, till sunny May
Calls forth their life, my spirit lay,
Till, touch'd by Love's awak'ning ray,
 It liv'd for thee, it liv'd for thee.

When Fame would call me to her heights,
 She speaks by thee ;
And dim would shine her proudest lights,
 Unshar'd by thee, unshar'd by thee.
Whene'er I seek the Muse's shrine,
Where Bards have hung their wreaths divine,
And wish those wreaths of glory mine,
 'Tis all for thee, for only thee.

THE SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME.¹

THERE'S a song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,

¹ In this song, which is one of the many set to music by myself, the occasional lawlessness of the metre arises, I need hardly say, from the peculiar structure of the air.

Like the dream of some village chime,
Which in youth we lov'd to hear.
And ev'n amidst the grand and gay,
When Music tries her gentlest art,
I never hear so sweet a lay,
Or one that hangs so round my heart,
As that song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
Which in youth we lov'd to hear.

And when all of this life is gone,—
Ev'n the hope, ling'ring now,
Like the last of the leaves left on
Autumn's sere and faded bough,—
'Twill seem as still those friends were near,
Who lov'd me in youth's early day,
If in that parting hour I hear
The same sweet notes, and die away,—
To that song of the olden time,
Breath'd, like Hope's farewell strain,
To say, in some brighter clime,
Life and youth will shine again!



WAKE THEE, MY DEAR.

WAKE thee, my dear—thy dreaming
Till darker hours will keep;
While such a moon is beaming,
'Tis wrong tow'rds Heav'n to sleep.

Moments there are we number,
Moments of pain and care,
Which to oblivious slumber
Gladly the wretch could spare.
But now—who'd think of dreaming
When Love his watch should keep?
While such a moon is beaming,
'Tis wrong tow'rds Heav'n to sleep.

If e'er the Fates should sever
My life and hopes from thee, love,
The sleep that lasts for ever
Would then be sweet to me, love;
But now,—away with dreaming!
Till darker hours 'twill keep;
While such a moon is beaming,
'Tis wrong tow'rds Heav'n to sleep.

THE BOY OF THE ALPS.¹

LIGHTLY, Alpine rover,
Tread the mountains over;
Rude is the path thou'st yet to go;
Snow cliffs hanging o'er thee,
Fields of ice before thee,
While the hid torrent moans below.
Hark, the deep thunder,
Through the vales yonder!
'Tis the huge av'lanche downward cast;

¹ This and the Songs that follow (as far as page 180.) have been published, with music, by Messrs. Addison and Beale, Regent Street.

From rock to rock
Rebounds the shock.
But courage, boy ! the danger's past.
Onward, youthful rover,
Tread the glacier over,
Safe shalt thou reach thy home at last.
On, ere light forsake thee,
Soon will dusk o'ertake thee :
O'er yon ice-bridge lies thy way !
Now, for the risk prepare thee ;
Safe it yet may bear thee,
Though 'twill melt in morning's ray.

Hark, that dread howling !
'Tis the wolf prowling,
Scent of thy track the foe hath got ;
And cliff and shore
Resound his roar.
But courage, boy,—the danger's past !
Watching eyes have found thee,
Loving arms are round thee,
Safe hast thou reach'd thy father's cot.

FOR THEE ALONE.

For thee alone I brave the boundless deep,
Those eyes my light through ev'ry distant sea ;
My waking thoughts, the dream that gilds my sleep,
The noon-tide rev'rie, all are giv'n to thee,
To thee alone, to thee alone.

Though future scenes present to Fancy's eye
 Fair forms of light that crowd the distant air,
 When nearer view'd the fairy phantoms fly,
 The crowds dissolve, and thou alone art there,
 Thou, thou alone.

To win thy smile, I speed from shore to shore,
 While Hope's sweet voice is heard in every blast,
 Still whisp'ring on, that when some years are o'er,
 One bright reward shall crown my toil at last,
 Thy smile alone, thy smile alone.

Oh, place beside the transport of that hour
 All earth can boast of fair, of rich, and bright,
 Wealth's radiant mines, the lofty thrones of power,—
 Then ask where first thy lover's choice would light?
 On thee alone, on thee alone.

HER LAST WORDS, AT PARTING.

HER last words, at parting, how *can* I forget?
 Deep treasur'd through life, in my heart they shall
 stay;
 Like music, whose charm in the soul lingers yet,
 When its sounds from the ear have long melted away.
 Let Fortune assail me, her threat'nings are vain;
 Those still-breathing words shall my talisman be,—
 “Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
 “There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for
 thee.”

From the desert's sweet well tho' the pilgrim must lie,
Never more of that fresh-springing fountain to taste,
He hath still of its bright drops a treasur'd supply,
Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through the
waste.

So, dark as my fate is still doom'd to remain,
These words shall my well in the wilderness be,—
“Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
“There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for
thee.”

LET'S TAKE THIS WORLD AS SOME WIDE SCENE.

LET's take this world as some wide scene,
Through which, in frail, but buoyant boat,
With skies now dark and now serene,
Together thou and I must float;
Beholding oft, on either shore,
Bright spots where we should love to stay;
But Time plies swift his flying oar,
And away we speed, away, away.

Should chilling winds and rains come on,
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the show'r;
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
And, smiling, wait a sunnier hour.
And if that sunnier hour should shine,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
But happy, while 'tis thine and mine,
Complain not when it fades away.

So shall we reach at last that Fall
Down which life's currents all must go, —
The dark, the brilliant, destin'd all
To sink into the void below.
Nor ev'n that hour shall want its charms,
.If, side by side, still fond we keep,
And calmly, in each other's arms
Together link'd, go down the steep.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

SING to Love—for, oh, 'twas he
Who won the glorious day ;
Strew the wreaths of victory
Along the conqu'ror's way,
Yoke the Muses to his car,
Let them sing each trophy won ;
While his mother's joyous star
Shall light the triumph on.

Hail to Love, to mighty Love,
Let spirits sing around ;
While the hill, the dale, and grove,
With "mighty Love," resound ;
Or, should a sigh of sorrow steal
Amid the sounds thus echo'd o'er
'Twill but teach the god to feel
His victories the more.

See his wings, like amethyst
Of sunny Ind their hue ;
Bright as when, by Psyche kist,
They trembled through and through.
Flowers spring beneath his feet ;
Angel forms beside him run ;
While unnumber'd lips repeat
“ Love’s victory is won ! ”
Hail to Love, to mighty Love, &c.

SONG OF HERCULES TO HIS DAUGHTER.¹

“ I’ve been, oh, sweet daughter,
“ To fountain and sea,
“ To seek in their water
“ Some bright gem for thee,
“ Where diamonds were sleeping,
“ Their sparkle I sought,
“ Where crystal was weeping,
“ Its tears I have caught.

“ The sea-nymph I’ve courted
“ In rich coral halls ;
“ With Naiads have sported
“ By bright waterfalls.

¹ Founded on the fable reported by Arrian (in *Indicis*) of Hercules having searched the Indian Ocean, to find the pearl with which he adorned his daughter Pandæa.

“ But sportive or tender,
“ Still sought I, around,
“ That gem, with whose splendour
“ Thou yet shalt be crown’d.

“ And see, while I’m speaking,
“ Yon soft light afar ;—
“ The pearl I’ve been seeking
“ There floats like a star !
“ In the deep Indian Ocean
“ I see the gem shine,
“ And quick as light’s motion
“ Its wealth shall be thine.”

Then eastward, like lightning,
The hero-god flew,
His sunny looks bright’ning
The air he went through.
And sweet was the duty,
And hallow’d the hour,
Which saw thus young Beauty,
Embellish’d by Power.

THE DREAM OF HOME.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o’er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o’er sea or land we roam ?

Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,
To greener shores our bark may come ;
But far more bright, more dear than all,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth when far
His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,
What charms him most, when ev'ning's star
Smiles o'er the wave ? to dream of home.
Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves
At that sweet hour around him come ;
His heart's best joy where'er he roves,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

THEY TELL ME THOU'RT THE FAVOUR'D GUEST.¹

THEY tell me thou'rt the favour'd guest
Of every fair and brilliant throng ;
No wit like thine to wake the jest,
No voice like thine to breathe the song ;
And none could guess, so gay thou art,
That thou and I are far apart.

Alas ! alas ! how diff'rent flows
With thee and me the time away !

¹ Part of a translation of some Latin verses, supposed to have been addressed by Hippolyta Taurella to her husband, during his absence at the gay court of Leo the Tenth. The verses may be found in the Appendix to Roscoe's Work.

Not that I wish thee sad—heav'n knows —
Still if thou canst, be light and gay ;
I only know, that without thee
The sun himself is dark to me.

Do I thus haste to hall and bower,
Among the proud and gay to shine ?
Or deck my hair with gem and flower,
To flatter other eyes than thine ?
Ah, no, with me love's smiles are past.
Thou hadst the first, thou hadst the last.

THE YOUNG INDIAN MAID.

THERE came a nymph dancing
Gracefully, gracefully,
Her eye a light glancing
Like the blue sea ;
And while all this gladness
Around her steps hung,
Such sweet notes of sadness
Her gentle lips sung,
That ne'er while I live from my mem'ry shall fade
The song, or the look, of that young Indian maid.

Her zone of bells ringing
Cheerily, cheerily,
Chimed to her singing
Light echos of glee ;

But in vain did she borrow
Of mirth the gay tone,
Her voice spoke of sorrow,
And sorrow alone.
Nor e'er while I live from my mem'ry shall fade
The song, or the look, of that young Indian maid.

THE HOMEWARD MARCH.

Be still, my heart : I hear them come :
Those sounds announce my lover near :
The march that brings our warriors home
Proclaims he'll soon be here.

Hark, the distant tread,
O'er the mountain's head,
While hills and dales repeat the sound ;
And the forest deer
Stand still to hear,
As those echoing steps ring round.

Be still, my heart, I hear them come,
Those sounds that speak my soldier near ;
Those joyous steps seem wing'd for home, —
Rest, rest, he'll soon be here.

But hark, more faint the footsteps grow,
And now they wind to distant glades ;
Not here their home, — alas, they go
To gladden happier maids !

Like sounds in a dream,
The footsteps seem,
As down the hills they die away ;
And the march, whose song
So peel'd along,
Now fades like a funeral lay.

'Tis past, 'tis o'er, — hush, heart, thy pain !
And though not here, alas, they come
Rejoice for those, to whom that strain
Brings sons and lovers home.

WAKE UP, SWEET MELODY.

WAKE up, sweet melody !
Now is the hour
When young and loving hearts
Feel most thy pow'r.
One note of music, by moonlight's soft ray
Oh, 'tis worth thousands heard coldly by day.
Then wake up, sweet melody !
Now is the hour
When young and loving hearts
Feel most thy pow'r.

Ask the fond nightingale,
When his sweet flow'r
Loves most to hear his song,
In her green bow'r ?

Oh, he will tell thee, through summer-nights long,
Fondly she lends her whole soul to his song.

Then wake up, sweet melody !

Now is the hour

When young and loving hearts

Feel most thy pow'r.



CALM BE THY SLEEP.

CALM be thy sleep as infants' slumbers !

Pure as angel thoughts thy dreams !

May ev'ry joy this bright world numbers

Shed o'er thee their mingled beams !

Or if, where Pleasure's wing hath glided,

There ever must some pang remain,

Still be thy lot with me divided, —

Thine all the bliss, and mine the pain !

Day and night my thoughts shall hover

Round thy steps where'er they stray ;

As, ev'n when clouds his idol cover,

Fondly the Persian tracks its way.

If this be wrong, if Heav'n offended

By worship to its creature be,

Then let my vows to both be blended,

Half breath'd to Heav'n and half to thee.



THE EXILE.

NIGHT waneth fast, the morning star
Saddens with light the glimm'ring sea,
Whose waves shall soon to realms afar
Waft me from hope, from love, and thee.
Coldly the beam from yonder sky
Looks o'er the waves that onward stray ;
But colder still the stranger's eye
To him whose home is far away.

Oh, not at hour so chill and bleak,
Let thoughts of me come o'er thy breast ;
But of the lost one think and speak,
When summer suns sink calm to rest.
So, as I wander, Fancy's dream
Shall bring me o'er the sunset seas,
Thy look, in ev'ry melting beam,
Thy whisper, in each dying breeze.

THE FANCY FAIR.

COME, maids and youths, for here we sell
All wondrous things of earth and air,
Whatever wild romancers tell,
Or poets sing, or lovers swear,
You'll find at this our Fancy Fair.

Here eyes are made like stars to shine,
And kept, for years, in such repair

That ev'n when turn'd of thirty-nine,
They'll hardly look the worse for wear,
If bought at this our Fancy Fair.

We've lots of tears for bards to show'r,
And hearts that such ill usage bear,
That, though they're broken ev'ry hour,
They'll still in rhyme fresh breaking bear,
If purchas'd at our Fancy Fair.

As fashions change in ev'ry thing,
We've goods to suit each season's air,
Eternal friendships for the spring,
And endless loves for summer wear,—
All sold at this our Fancy Fair.

We've reputations white as snow,
That long will last if us'd with care,
Nay, safe through all life's journey go,
If pack'd and mark'd as "brittle ware,"—
Just purchas'd at the Fancy Fair.

IF THOU WOULD'ST HAVE ME SING AND PLAY.

If thou would'st have me sing and play,
As once I play'd and sung,
First take this timeworn lute away,
And bring one freshly strung.
Call back the time when pleasure's sigh
First breath'd among the strings;
And Time himself, in flitting by,
Made music with his wings.

But how is this? though new the lute,
And shining fresh the chords,
Beneath this hand they slumber mute,
Or speak but dreamy words.
In vain I seek the soul that dwelt
Within that once sweet shell,
Which told so warmly what it felt,
And felt what nought could tell.

Oh, ask not then for passion's lay,
From lyre so coldly strung;
With this I ne'er can sing or play,
As once I play'd and sung.
No, bring that long-lov'd lute again,—
Though chill'd by years it be,
If *thou* wilt call the slumb'ring strain,
'Twill wake again for thee.

Though time have froz'n the tuneful stream
Of thoughts that gush'd along,
One look from thee, like summer's beam,
Will thaw them into song.
Then give, oh give, that wak'ning ray,
And once more blythe and young,
Thy bard again will sing and play,
As once he play'd and sung.

STILL WHEN DAYLIGHT.

STILL when daylight o'er the wave
Bright and soft its farewell gave,

I us'd to hear, while light was falling,
O'er the wave a sweet voice calling,
Mournfully at distance calling.

Ah! once how blest that maid would come,
To meet her sea-boy hast'ning home ;
And through the night those sounds repeating,
Hail his bark with joyous greeting,
Joyously his light bark greeting.

But, one sad night, when winds were high,
Nor earth, nor heaven, could hear her cry,
She saw his boat come tossing over
Midnight's wave,—but not her lover !
No, never more her lover.

And still that sad dream loth to leave,
She comes with wand'ring mind at eve,
And oft we hear, when night is falling,
Faint her voice through twilight calling,
Mournfully at twilight calling.

THE SUMMER WEBS.

THE summer webs that float and shine,
The summer dews that fall,
Though light they be, this heart of mine
Is lighter still than all.

It tells me every cloud is past
Which lately seem'd to lour ;
That Hope hath wed young Joy at last,
And now's their nuptial hour !

With light thus round, within, above,
With nought to wake one sigh,
Except the wish, that all we love
Were at this moment nigh, —
It seems as if life's brilliant sun
Had stopp'd in full career,
To make this hour its brightest one,
And rest in radiance here.

MIND NOT THOUGH DAYLIGHT.

MIND not though daylight around us is breaking, —
Who'd think now of sleeping when morn's but just
waking ?

Sound the merry viol, and daylight or not,
Be all for one hour in the gay dance forgot.

See young Aurora, up heaven's hill advancing,
Though fresh from her pillow, ev'n she too is dancing :
While thus all creation, earth, heaven, and sea,
Are dancing around us, oh, why should not we ?

Who'll say that moments we use thus are wasted ?
Such sweet drops of time only flow to be tasted ;
While hearts are high beating, and harps full in tune,
The fault is all morning's for coming so soon.

THEY MET BUT ONCE.

THEY met but once, in youth's sweet hour,
And never since that day
Hath absence, time, or grief had pow'r
To chase that dream away.
They've seen the suns of other skies,
On other shores have sought delight ;
But never more, to bless their eyes,
Can come a dream so bright !
They met but once,—a day was all
Of Love's young hopes they knew ;
And still their hearts that day recall,
As fresh as then it flew.

Sweet dream of youth ! oh, ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now.
For, Youth, the spell was only thine ;
From thee alone th' enchantment flows,
That makes the world around thee shine
With light thyself bestows.
They met but once,—oh, ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now.

WITH MOONLIGHT BEAMING.

With moonlight beaming
Thus o'er the deep,
Who'd linger dreaming
In idle sleep ?
Leave joyless souls to live by day, —
Our life begins with yonder ray ;
And while thus brightly
The moments flee,
Our barks skim lightly
The shining sea.

To halls of splendour
Let great ones hie ;
Through light more tender
Our pathways lie.
While round, from banks of brook or lake,
Our company blithe echos make ;
And, as we lend 'em
Sweet word or strain,
Still back they send 'em
More sweet, again.

CHILD'S SONG. FROM A MASQUE.

I HAVE a garden of my own,
Shining with flow'rs of ev'ry hue ;
I lov'd it dearly while alone
But I shall love it more with you :

And there the golden bees shall come,
In summer-time at break of morn,
And wake us with their busy hum
Around the Siha's fragrant thorn.

I have a fawn from Aden's land,
On leafy buds and berries nurst ;
And you shall feed him from your hand,
Though he may start with fear at first.
And I will lead you where he lies
For shelter in the noontide heat ;
And you may touch his sleeping eyes,
And feel his little silv'ry feet.

THE HALCYON HANGS O'ER OCEAN.

THE halcyon hangs o'er ocean,
The sea-lark skims the brine ;
This bright world's all in motion,
No heart seems sad but mine.

To walk through sun-bright places,
With heart all cold the while ;
To look in smiling faces,
When we no more can smile ;

To feel, while earth and heaven
Around thee shine with bliss,
To thee no light is given, —
Oh, what a doom is this!

THE WORLD WAS HUSH'D.

THE world was hush'd, the moon above

Sail'd through ether slowly,

When, near the casement of my love,

Thus I whisper'd lowly, —

“Awake, awake, how canst thou sleep?

“The field I seek to-morrow

“Is one where man hath fame to reap,

“And woman gleans but sorrow.”

“Let battle's field be what it may,”

Thus spoke a voice replying,

“Think not thy love, while thou'rt away,

“Will here sit idly sighing.

“No—woman's soul, if not for fame,

“For love can brave all danger!”

Then forth from out the casement came

A plum'd and armed stranger.

A stranger? No; 'twas she, the maid,

Herself before me beaming,

With casque array'd, and falchion blade

Beneath her girdle gleaming!

Close side by side, in freedom's fight,

That blessed morning found us;

In Vict'ry's light we stood ere night,

And Love, the morrow, crown'd us!

THE TWO LOVES.

THERE are two Loves, the poet sings,
Both born of Beauty at a birth :
The one, akin to heaven, hath wings,
The other, earthly, walks on earth.
With *this* through bowers below we play,
With *that* through clouds above we soar ;
With both, perchance, may lose our way :—
Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore ?

The one, when tempted down from air,
At Pleasure's fount to lave his lip,
Nor lingers long, nor oft will dare
His wing within the wave to dip.
While, plunging deep and long beneath,
The other bathes him o'er and o'er
In that sweet current, ev'n to death :—
Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore ?

The boy of heav'n, even while he lies
In Beauty's lap, recalls his home ;
And when most happy, inly sighs
For something happier still to come.
While he of earth, too fully blest
With this bright world to dream of more,
Sees all his heav'n on Beauty's breast :—
Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore ?

The maid who heard the poet sing
These twin-desires of earth and sky,
And saw, while one inspir'd his string,
The other glisten'd in his eye,—
To name the earthlier boy asham'd,
To choose the other fondly loath,
At length, all blushing, she exclaim'd,—
“Ask not which,
“Oh, ask not which — we'll worship both.

“Th' extremes of each thus taught to shun,
“With hearts and souls between them given,
“When weary of this earth with one,
“We'll with the other wing to heaven.”
Thus pledg'd the maid her vow of bliss;
And while *one* Love wrote down the oath,
The other seal'd it with a kiss;
And Heav'n look'd on,
Heav'n look'd on, and hallow'd both.

THE LEGEND OF PUCK THE FAIRY.

WOULDST know what tricks, by the pale moonlight,
Are play'd by me, the merry little Sprite,
Who wing through air from the camp to the court,
From king to clown, and of all make sport;
Singing, I am the Sprite
Of the merry midnight,
Who laugh at weak mortals, and love the moonlight.

To a miser's bed, where he snoring slept
And dreamt of his cash, I silyly crept ;
Chink, chink o'er his pillow like money I rang,
And he waked to catch—but away I sprang,
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

I saw through the leaves, in a damsel's bower,
She was waiting her love at that starlight hour :
“ Hist—hist ! ” quoth I, with an amorous sigh,
And she flew to the door, but away flew I,
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

While a bard sat inditing an ode to his love,
Like a pair of blue meteors I star'd from above,
And he swoon'd—for he thought 'twas the ghost, poor
man !
Of his lady's eyes, while away I ran,
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

BEAUTY AND SONG.

DOWN in yon summer vale,
Where the rill flows,
Thus said a Nightingale
To his lov'd Rose :—
“ Though rich the pleasures
“ Of song's sweet measures,
“ Vain were its melody,
“ Rose, without thee.”

Then from the green recess
Of her night-bow'r,
Beaming with bashfulness,
Spoke the bright flow'r : —
“ Though morn should lend her
“ Its sunniest splendour,
“ What would the Rose be,
“ Unsung by thee ? ”

Thus still let Song attend
Woman's bright way ;
Thus still let woman lend
Light to the lay.
Like stars, through heaven's sea,
Floating in harmony,
Beauty shall glide along,
Circled by Song.

WHEN THOU ART NIGH.

WHEN thou art nigh, it seems
A new creation round ;
The sun hath fairer beams,
The lute a softer sound.
Though thee alone I see,
And hear alone thy sigh,
'Tis light, 'tis song to me,
'Tis all—when thou art nigh.

When thou art nigh, no thought
Of grief comes o'er my heart ;

I only think—could aught
 But joy be where thou art ?
 Life seems a waste of breath,
 When far from thee I sigh ;
 And death—ay, even death
 Were sweet, if thou wert nigh.

SONG OF A HYPERBOREAN.

I COME from a land in the sun-bright deep,
 Where golden gardens grow ;
 Where the winds of the north, becalm'd in sleep,
 Their conch-shells never blow.¹
 Haste to that holy Isle with me.
 Haste—haste!

So near the track of the stars are we,²
 That oft, on night's pale beams,
 The distant sounds of their harmony
 Come to our ears, like dreams.
 Then, haste to that holy Isle with me, &c. &c.

The Moon, too, brings her world so nigh,³
 That when the night seer looks

¹ On the tower of the Winds, at Athens, there is a conch-shell placed in the hands of Boreas.—See *Stuart's Antiquities*. “The north wind,” says Herodotus, in speaking of the Hyperboreans, “never blows with them.”

² “Sub ipso siderum cardine jacent.”—POMPON. MELA.

³ “They can shew the moon very near.”—DIODOR. SICUL.

To that shadowless orb, in a vernal sky,
He can number its hills and brooks.
Then, haste, &c. &c.

To the Sun-god all our hearts and lyres¹
By day, by night, belong ;
And the breath we draw from his living fires,
We give him back in song.
Then, haste, &c. &c.

From us descends the maid who brings
To Delos gifts divine ;
And our wild bees lend their rainbow wings
To glitter on Delphi's shrine.²
Then, haste to that holy Isle with me,
Haste—haste!

THOU BIDST ME SING.

THOU bidst me sing the lay I sung to thee
In other days, ere joy had left this brow ;
But think, though still unchang'd the notes may be,
How diff'rent feels the heart that breathes them now !
The rose thou wear'st to-night is still the same
We saw this morning on its stem so gay ;
But, ah ! that dew of dawn, that breath which came
Like life o'er all its leaves, hath pass'd away.

¹ Hecatæus tells us, that this Hyperborean island was dedicated to Apollo ; and most of the inhabitants were either priests or songsters.

² Pausan.

Since first thy music touch'd thy heart and mine,
How many a joy and pain o'er both have past, —
The joy, a light too precious long to shine,
The pain, a cloud whose shadows always last.
And though that lay would like the voice of home
Breathe o'er our ear, 'twould waken now a sigh —
Ah! not, as then, for fancied woes to come,
But, sadder far, for real bliss gone by.

CUPID ARMED.

PLACE the helm on thy brow,
In thy hand take the spear;
Thou art arm'd, Cupid, now,
And thy battle-hour is near.
March on! march on! thy shaft and bow
Were weak against such charms;
March on! march on! so proud a foe
Scorns all but martial arms.

See the darts in her eyes,
Tipt with scorn, how they shine!
Ev'ry shaft, as it flies,
Mocking proudly at thine.
March on! march on! thy feather'd darts
Soft bosoms soon might move;
But ruder arms to ruder hearts
Must teach what 'tis to love.
Place the helm on thy brow;
In thy hand take the spear, —
Thou art arm'd, Cupid, now,
And thy battle-hour is near.

ROUND THE WORLD GOES.

ROUND the world goes, by day and night,
While with it also round go we ;
And in the flight of one day's light
An image of all life's course we see.
Round, round, while thus we go round,
The best thing a man can do,
Is to make it, at least, a *merry-go-round*,
By — sending the wine round too.

Our first gay stage of life is when
Youth, in its dawn, salutes the eye —
Season of bliss ! Oh, who wouldn't then
Wish to cry, " Stop ! " to earth and sky ?
But, round, round, both boy and girl
Are whisk'd through that sky of blue ;
And much would their hearts enjoy the whirl,
If — their heads didn't whirl round too.

Next, we enjoy our glorious noon,
Thinking all life a life of light ;
But shadows come on, 'tis evening soon,
And, ere we can say, " How short ! " — 'tis night.
Round, round, still all goes round,
Ev'n while I'm thus singing to you ;
And the best way to make it a *merry-go-round*,
Is to — chorus my song round too.

✂ OH, DO NOT LOOK SO BRIGHT AND BLEST.

OH, do not look so bright and blest, ;
For still there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.
There lurks a dread in all delight,
A shadow near each ray,
That warns us then to fear their flight,
When most we wish their stay.
Then look not thou so bright and blest, and
For ah! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

Why is it thus that fairest things
The soonest fleet and die? —
That when most light is on their wings,
They're then but spread to fly!
And, sadder still, the pain will stay —
The bliss no more appears;
As rainbows take their light away,
And leave us but the tears!
Then look not thou so bright and blest,
For ah! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

THE MUSICAL BOX.

“Look here,” said Rose, with laughing eyes,
“Within this box, by magic hid,
“A tuneful Sprite imprison’d lies,
“Who sings to me whene’er he’s bid.
“Though roving once his voice and wing,
“He’ll now lie still the whole day long ;
“Till thus I touch the magic spring —
“Then, hark, how sweet and blithe his song !”
(A symphony.)

“Ah, Rose,” I cried, “the poet’s lay
“Must ne’er ev’n Beauty’s slave become ;
“Through earth and air his song may stray,
“If all the while his heart’s at home.
“And though in Freedom’s air he dwell,
“Nor bond nor chain his spirit knows,
“Touch but the spring thou know’st so well,
“And — hark, how sweet the love-song flows !”
(A symphony.)

Thus pleaded I for Freedom’s right ;
But when young Beauty takes the field,
And wise men seek defence in flight,
The doom of poets is to yield.
No more my heart th’ enchantress braves,
I’m now in Beauty’s prison hid ;
The Sprite and I are fellow-slaves,
And I, too, sing whene’er I’m bid.

WHEN TO SAD MUSIC SILENT YOU LISTEN.

WHEN to sad Music silent you listen,
And tears on those eyelids tremble like dew,
Oh, then there dwells in those eyes as they glisten
A sweet holy charm that mirth never knew.
But when some lively strain resounding
Lights up the sunshine of joy on that brow,
Then the young rein-deer o'er the hills bounding
Was ne'er in its mirth so graceful as thou.

When on the skies at midnight thou gazest,
A lustre so pure thy features then wear,
That, when to some star that bright eye thou raisest,
We feel 'tis thy home thou'rt looking for there.
But, when the word for the gay dance is given,
So buoyant thy spirit, so heartfelt thy mirth,
Oh then we exclaim, "Ne'er leave earth for heaven,
"But linger still here, to make heaven of earth."

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

FLY swift, my light gazelle,
To her who now lies waking,
To hear thy silver bell
The midnight silence breaking.
And, when thou com'st, with gladsome feet,
Beneath her lattice springing,
Ah, well she'll know how sweet
The words of love thou'rt bringing.

Yet, no—not words, for they
But half can tell love's feeling ;
Sweet flowers alone can say
What passion fears revealing.
A once bright rose's wither'd leaf,
A tow'ring lily broken,—
Oh these may paint a grief
No words could e'er have spoken.

Not such, my gay gazelle,
The wreath thou speedest over
Yon moonlight dale, to tell
My lady how I love her.
And, what to her will sweeter be
Than gems the richest, rarest,
From Truth's immortal tree¹
One fadeless leaf thou bearest.

THE DAWN IS BREAKING O'ER US.

THE dawn is breaking o'er us,
See, heaven hath caught its hue!
We've day's long light before us,
What sport shall we pursue ?
The hunt o'er hill and lea ?
The sail o'er summer sea ?
Oh let not hour so sweet
Unwing'd by pleasure fleet.

¹ The tree, called in the East, Amrita, or the Immortal.

The dawn is breaking o'er us,
See, heaven hath caught its hue !
We've day's long light before us,
What sport shall we pursue ?

But see, while we're deciding,
What morning sport to play,
The dial's hand is gliding,
And morn hath pass'd away !
Ah, who'd have thought that noon
Would o'er us steal so soon, —
That morn's sweet hour of prime
Would last so short a time ?
But come, we've day before us,
Still heaven looks bright and blue ;
Quick, quick, ere eve comes o'er us,
What sport shall we pursue ?

Alas ! why thus delaying ?
We're now at evening's hour ;
Its farewell beam is playing
O'er hill and wave and bower.
That light we thought would last,
Behold, ev'n now, 'tis past ;
And all our morning dreams
Have vanish'd with its beams !
But come ! 'twere vain to borrow
Sad lessons from this lay,
For man will be to-morrow —
Just what he's been to-day.

HERE AT THY TOMB.¹

BY MELEAGER.

HERE, at thy tomb, these tears I shed,
 Tears, which though vainly now they roll,
 Are all love hath to give the dead,
 And wept o'er thee with all love's soul ;—

Wept in remembrance of that light,
 Which nought on earth, without thee, gives,
 Hope of my heart ! now quench'd in night,
 But dearer, dead, than aught that lives.

Where is she ? where the blooming bough
 That once my life's sole lustre made ?
 Torn off by death, 'tis with'ring now,
 And all its flow'rs in dust are laid.

Oh earth ! that to thy matron breast
 Hast taken all those angel charms,
 Gently, I pray thee, let her rest, —
 Gently, as in a mother's arms.

 SALE OF CUPID.²

BY MELEAGER.

WHO'LL buy a little boy ? Look, yonder is he,
 Fast asleep, sly rogue, on his mother's knee ;

¹ Δακρυα σοι και νερθε δια χθονος, Ηλιοδωρα.

Ap. BRUNCK.

² Πωλεισθω, και ματρος ετ' εν κολποισι καθευδων.

Ap. BRUNCK. *Analect.* xc.

So bold a young imp 't isn't safe to keep,
 So I'll part with him now, while he's sound asleep.
 See his arch little nose, how sharp 'tis curl'd,
 His wings, too, ev'n in sleep unfurl'd;
 And those fingers, which still ever ready are found
 For mirth or for mischief, to tickle, or wound.

He'll try with his tears your heart to beguile,
 But never you mind—he's laughing all the while;
 For little he cares, so he has his own whim,
 And weeping or laughing are all one to him.
 His eye is as keen as the lightning's flash,
 His tongue like the red bolt quick and rash;
 And so savage is he, that his own dear mother
 Is scarce more safe in his hands than another.

In short, to sum up this darling's praise,
 He's a downright pest in all sorts of ways;
 And if any one wants such an imp to employ,
 He shall have a dead bargain of this little boy.
 But see, the boy wakes—his bright tears flow—
 His eyes seem to ask could I sell him? oh, no,
 Sweet child, no, no—though so naughty you be,
 You shall live evermore with my Lesbia and me.

TO WEAVE A GARLAND FOR THE ROSE.¹

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

To weave a garland for the rose,
 And think thus crown'd 'twould lovelier be,

Ουτε ῥοδῶν στεφανῶν ἐπιδευσσαι, οὔτε συ πεπλῶν.

Ap. BRUNCK. xvii.

Were far less vain than to suppose
 That silks and gems add grace to thee.
 Where is the pearl whose orient lustre
 Would not, beside thee, look less bright?
 What gold could match the glossy cluster
 Of those young ringlets full of light?

Bring from the land, where fresh it gleams,
 The bright blue gem of India's mine,
 And see how soon, though bright its beams,
 'Twill pale before one glance of thine :
 Those lips, too, when their sounds have blest us
 With some divine, mellifluous air,
 Who would not say that Beauty's cestus
 Had let loose all its witch'ries there?¹

Here, to this conquering host of charms
 I now give up my spell-bound heart,
 Nor blush to yield ev'n Reason's arms,
 When thou her bright-ey'd conqueror art.
 Thus to the wind all fears are given ;
 Henceforth those eyes alone I see,
 Where Hope, as in her own blue heaven,
 Sits beck'ning me to bliss and thee !

¹ ——— και ἡ μελιφυρτος ἐκεινη
 Ἡθεος ἀρμονιη, κεστος ἐφυ Παφης.

WHY DOES SHE SO LONG DELAY?¹

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

WHY does she so long delay?
 Night is waning fast away;
 Thrice have I my lamp renew'd,
 Watching here in solitude.
 Where can she so long delay?
 Where, so long delay?

Vainly now have two lamps shone;
 See the third is nearly gone :²
 Oh that Love would, like the ray
 Of that weary lamp, decay!
 But no, alas, it burns still on,
 Still, still, burns on.

Gods, how oft the traitress dear
 Swore, by Venns, she'd be here!
 But to one so false as she
 What is man or deity?
 Neither doth this proud one fear,—
 No, neither doth she fear.

¹ Δηθυνει Κλεοφαντις.

Ap. BRUNCK. xxviii.

² ὁ δὲ τρίτος ἀρχεται ἡδὲ
 Λυχνος ὑποκλαζειν.

TWIN'ST THOU WITH LOFTY WREATH THY BROW ? ¹

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

TWIN'ST thou with lofty wreath thy brow ?

Such glory then thy beauty sheds,

I almost think, while aw'd I bow,

'Tis Rhea's self before me treads.

Be what thou wilt—this heart

Adores whate'er thou art !

Dost thou thy loosen'd ringlets leave,

Like sunny waves to wander free ?

Then, such a chain of charms they weave,

As draws my inmost soul from me.

Do what thou wilt,—I must

Be charm'd by all thou dost !

Ev'n when, enwrapp'd in silv'ry veils,²

Those sunny locks elude the sight,—

Oh, not ev'n then their glory fails

To haunt me with its unseen light.

Change as thy beauty may,

It charms in ev'ry way.

For, thee the Graces still attend,

Presiding o'er each new attire,

¹ Κεκρυφαλοι σφιγγουσι την τριχα ;
 Ap. BRUNCK. xxxiv.

² Αργενναίς οθονησι κατηορα βοστρυχα κευθεις.

And lending ev'ry dart they send
 Some new, peculiar touch of fire.
 Be what thou wilt, — this heart
 Adores whate'er thou art!

WHEN THE SAD WORD.¹

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

WHEN the sad word, "Adieu," from my lip is nigh falling,
 And with it, Hope passes away,
 Ere the tongue hath half breathed it, my fond heart re-
 calling

That fatal farewell, bids me stay.
 For oh! 'tis a penance so weary
 One hour from thy presence to be,
 That death to this soul were less dreary,
 Less dark than long absence from thee.

Thy beauty, like Day, o'er the dull world breaking,
 Brings life to the heart it shines o'er,
 And, in mine, a new feeling of happiness waking
 Made light what was darkness before.

But mute is the Day's sunny glory,
 While thine hath a voice,² on whose breath,
 More sweet than the Syren's sweet story,³
 My hopes hang, through life and through death!

¹ Σώζεο σοι μελλων ενετειν.

Ap. BRUNCK. xxxix.

² Ηματι γαρ σεο φεγγος ὁμοιον. αλλα το μεν που
 Αφθογγον.

³ Συ δ' εμοι και το λαλημα φερεις
 Κεινο, το Σειρηνων γλυκυρωτερον.

MY MOPSA IS LITTLE.¹

BY PHILODEMUS.

My Mopsa is little, my Mopsa is brown,
 But her cheek is as smooth as the peach's soft down,
 And, for blushing, no rose can come near her ;
 In short, she has woven such nets round my heart,
 That I ne'er from my dear little Mopsa can part, —
 Unless I can find one that's dearer.

Her voice hath a music that dwells on the ear,
 And her eye from its orb gives a daylight so clear,
 That I'm dazzled whenever I meet her ;
 Her ringlets, so curly, are Cupid's own net,
 And her lips, oh their sweetness I ne'er shall forget —
 Till I light upon lips that are sweeter.

But 'tis not her beauty that charms me alone,
 'Tis her mind, 'tis that language whose eloquent tone
 From the depths of the grave could revive one :
 In short, here I swear, that if death were her doom,
 I would instantly join my dead love in the tomb —
 Unless I could meet with a live one.

STILL, LIKE DEW IN SILENCE FALLING.²

BY MELEAGER.

STILL, like dew in silence falling,
 Drops for thee the nightly tear ;

Μικρὴ καὶ μελανεῦσα Φιλιννιον.

Ap. BRUNCK. x.

² Αἰεὶ μοι δυνεὶ μεν ἐν οὐασιν ἤχος Ἐρωτος.

Ap. BRUNCK. liii.

Still that voice the past recalling,
 Dwells, like echo, on my ear,
 Still, still !

Day and night the spell hangs o'er me,
 Here for ever fix'd thou art ;
 As thy form first shone before me,
 So 'tis graven on this heart,
 Deep, deep !

Love, oh Love, whose bitter sweetness,
 Dooms me to this lasting pain,
 Thou who cam'st with so much fleetness,
 Why so slow to go again ?¹
 Why? why?

UP, SAILOR BOY, 'TIS DAY.

UP, sailor boy, 'tis day!
 The west wind blowing,
 The spring tide flowing,
 Summon thee hence away.
 Didst thou not hear yon soaring swallow sing?
 Chirp, chirp,—in every note he seem'd to say
 'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring.
 Up, boy, away,—
 Who'd stay on land to-day?

¹ Ω πτανοι, μη και ποτ' επιπτασθαι μεν, Ερωτες,
 Οιδατ', αποπτηναι δ' ουδ' οσον ισχυετε.

The very flowers
Would from their bowers
Delight to wing away !

Leave languid youths to pine
On silken pillows ;
But be the billows
Of the great deep thine.
Hark, to the sail the breeze sings, "Let us fly ;"
While soft the sail, replying to the breeze,
Says, with a yielding sigh,
"Yes, where you please."
Up, boy ! the wind, the ray,
The blue sky o'er thee,
The deep before thee,
All cry aloud, "Away !"

IN MYRTLE WREATHS.

BY ALCÆUS.

IN myrtle wreaths my votive sword I'll cover,
Like them of old whose one immortal blow
Struck off the galling fetters that hung over
Their own bright land, and laid her tyrant low.
Yes, lov'd Harmodius, thou'rt undying ;
Still midst the brave and free,
In isles, o'er ocean lying,
Thy home shall ever be.

In myrtle leaves my sword shall hide its lightning,
Like his, the youth, whose ever-glorious blade
Leap'd forth like flame, the midnight banquet bright'ning,
And in the dust a despot victim laid.
Blest youths, how bright in Freedom's story
Your wedded names shall be ;
A tyrant's death your glory,
Your meed a nation free !

ASK NOT IF STILL I LOVE.

ASK not if still I love,
Too plain these eyes have told thee ;
Too well their tears must prove
How near and dear I hold thee.
If, where the brightest shine,
To see no form but thine,
To feel that earth can show
No bliss above thee, —
If this be love, then know
That thus, that thus, I love thee.

'Tis not in pleasure's idle hour
That thou canst know affection's pow'r.
No, try its strength in grief or pain ;
Attempt, as now, its bonds to sever,
Thou'lt find true love's a chain
That binds for ever !

DEAR? YES.

DEAR? yes, though mine no more,
Ev'n this but makes thee dearer;
And love, since hope is o'er,
But draws thee nearer.

Change as thou wilt to me,
The same thy charm must be
New loves may come to weave
Their witch'ry o'er thee,
Yet still, though false, believe
That I adore thee, yes, still adore thee.
Think'st thou that aught but death could end
A tie not falsehood's self can rend?
No, when alone, far off I die,
No more to see, no more caress thee,
Ev'n then, my life's last sigh
Shall be to bless thee, yes, still to bless thee.

UNBIND THEE, LOVE.

UNBIND thee, love, unbind thee, love,
From those dark ties unbind thee;
Though fairest hand the chain hath wove,
Too long its links have twin'd thee.
Away from earth!—thy wings were made
In yon mid-sky to hover,
With earth beneath their dove-like shade,
And heav'n all radiant over.

Awake thee, boy, awake thee, boy,
Too long thy soul is sleeping ;
And thou may'st from this minute's joy
Wake to eternal weeping.
Oh, think, this world is not for thee ;
Though hard its links to sever ;
Though sweet and bright and dear they be,
Break, or thou'rt lost for ever.

THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE.

(A BUFFO SONG.)

THERE'S something strange, I know not what,
Come o'er me,
Some phantom I've for ever got
Before me.
I look on high, and in the sky
'Tis shining ;
On earth, its light with all things bright
Seems twining.
In vain I try this goblin's spells
To sever ;
Go where I will, it round me dwells
For ever.

And then what tricks by day and night
It plays me ;
In ev'ry shape the wicked sprite
Waylays me.

Sometimes like two bright eyes of blue
 'Tis glancing ;
Sometimes like feet, in slippers neat,
 Comes dancing.
By whispers round of every sort
 I'm taunted.
Never was mortal man, in short,
 So haunted.

NOT FROM THEE.

Not from thee the wound should come,
 No, not from thee.
I care not what, or whence, my doom,
 So not from thee !
Cold triumph ! first to make
 This heart thy own ;
And then the mirror break
Where fix'd thou shin'st alone.
Not from thee the wound should come,
 Oh, not from thee.
I care not what, or whence, my doom,
 So not from thee.

Yet no—my lips that wish recall ;
 From thee, from thee—
If ruin o'er this head must fall,
 'Twill welcome be.
Here to the blade I bare
 This faithful heart ;

Wound deep — thou'lt find that there,
In every pulse thou art.
Yes from thee I'll bear it all :
If ruin be
The doom that o'er this heart must fall,
'Twere sweet from thee.

GUESS, GUESS.

I LOVE a maid, a mystic maid,
Whose form no eyes but mine can see ;
She comes in light, she comes in shade,
And beautiful in both is she.
Her shape in dreams I oft behold,
And oft she whispers in my ear
Such words as when to others told,
Awake the sigh, or wring the tear ; —
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

I find the lustre of her brow
Come o'er me in my darkest ways ;
And feel as if her voice, ev'n now,
Were echoing far off my lays.
There is no scene of joy or woe
But she doth gild with influence bright ;
And shed o'er all so rich a glow,
As makes ev'n tears seem full of light :
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

WHEN LOVE, WHO RUL'D.

WHEN Love, who rul'd as Admiral o'er
His rosy mother's isles of light,
Was cruising off the Paphian shore,
A sail at sunset hove in sight : —
“ A chase, a chase ! my Cupids all,”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Aloft the winged sailors sprung,
And, swarming up the mast like bees.
The snow-white sails expanding flung,
Like broad magnolias to the breeze.
“ Yo ho, yo ho, my Cupids all !”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

The chase was o'er — the bark was caught,
The winged crew her freight explor'd ;
And found 'twas just as Love had thought,
For all was contraband aboard.
“ A prize, a prize, my Cupids all !”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Safe stow'd in many a package there,
And labell'd slyly o'er, as “ Glass,”
Were lots of all th' illegal ware,
Love's Custom-House forbids to pass.
“ O'erhaul, o'erhaul, my Cupids all,”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

False curls they found, of every hue,
With rosy blushes ready made ;

And teeth of ivory, good as new,
For veterans in the smiling trade.
“Ho ho, ho ho, my Cupids all,”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Mock sighs, too,—kept in bags for use,
Like breezes bought of Lapland seers,—
Lay ready here to be let loose,
When wanted, in young spinsters’ ears.
“Ha ha, ha ha, my Cupids all,”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

False papers next on board were found,
Sham invoices of flames and darts,
Professedly for Paphos bound,
But meant for Hymen’s golden marts.
“For shame, for shame, my Cupids all!”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Nay, still to every fraud awake,
Those pirates all Love’s signals knew,
And hoisted oft his flag to make
Rich wards and heiresses *bring to*.¹
“A foe, a foe, my Cupids all!”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

“This must not be,” the boy exclaims,
“In vain I rule the Paphian seas,
“If Love’s and Beauty’s sovereign names
“Are lent to cover frauds like these.

¹ “To BRING-TO, to check the course of a ship.” — *Falconer*.

“Prepare, prepare, my Cupids all!”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Each Cupid stood with lighted match —
A broadside struck the smuggling foe,
And swept the whole unhallowed batch
Of falsehood to the depths below.
“Huzza, huzza! my Cupids all!”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

STILL THOU FLIEST.

STILL thou fliest, and still I woo thee,
Lovely phantom,—all in vain;
Restless ever, my thoughts pursue thee,
Fleeting ever, thou mock’st their pain.
Such doom, of old, that youth betided,
Who woo’d, he thought, some angel’s charms,
But found a cloud that from him glided,—
As thou dost from these outstretch’d arms.

Scarce I’ve said, “How fair thou shinest,”
Ere thy light hath vanish’d by;
And ’tis when thou look’st divinest
Thou art still more sure to fly.
Ev’n as the light’ning, that, dividing
The clouds of night, saith, “Look on me,”
Then flits again, its splendour hiding,—
Ev’n such the glimpse I catch of thee.

THEN FIRST FROM LOVE.

THEN first from Love, in Nature's bow'rs,
Did Painting learn her fairy skill,
And cull the hues of loveliest flow'rs,
To picture woman lovelier still.
For vain was every radiant hue,
Till passion lent a soul to art,
And taught the painter, ere he drew,
To fix the model in his heart.

Thus smooth his toil awhile went on,
Till, lo, one touch his art defies ;
The brow, the lip, the blushes shone,
But who could dare to paint those eyes ?
'Twas all in vain the painter strove ;
So turning to that boy divine,
"Here take," he said, "the pencil, Love,
"No hand should paint such eyes, but thine."

HUSH, SWEET LUTE.

HUSH, sweet Lute, thy songs remind me
Of past joys, now turn'd to pain ;
Of ties that long have ceased to bind me,
But whose burning marks remain.
In each tone, some echo falleth
On my ear of joys gone by ;
Ev'ry note some dream recalleth
Of bright hopes but born to die.

Yet, sweet Lute, though pain it bring me,
Once more let thy numbers thrill;
Though death were in the strain they sing me,
I must woo its anguish still.
Since no time can e'er recover
Love's sweet light when once 'tis set, —
Better to weep such pleasures over,
Than smile o'er any left us yet.

BRIGHT MOON.

BRIGHT moon, that high in heav'n art shining,
All smiles, as if within thy bower to-night
Thy own Endymion lay reclining,
And thou would'st wake him with a kiss of light! —
By all the bliss thy beam discovers,
By all those visions far too bright for day,
Which dreaming bards and waking lovers
Behold, this night, beneath thy ling'ring ray, —

I pray thee, queen of that bright heaven,
Quench not to-night thy love-lamp in the sea,
Till Anthe, in this bower, hath given
Beneath thy beam, her long-vow'd kiss to me.
Guide hither, guide her steps benighted,
Ere thou, sweet moon, thy bashful crescent hide;
Let Love but in this bow'r be lighted,
Then shroud in darkness all the world beside.

LONG YEARS HAVE PASS'D.

LONG years have pass'd, old friend, since we
First met in life's young day ;
And friends long lov'd by thee and me,
Since then have dropped away ;—
But enough remain to cheer us on,
And sweeten, when thus we're met,
The glass we fill to the many gone,
And the few who're left us yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,
And some hang white and chill ;
While some, like flow'rs 'mid Autumn's snow,
Retain youth's colour still.
And so, in our hearts, though one by one,
Youth's sunny hopes have set,
Thank heav'n, not all their light is gone,—
We've some to cheer us yet.

Then here's to thee, old friend, and long
May thou and I thus meet,
To brighten still with wine and song
This short life, ere it fleet.
And still as death comes stealing on,
Let's never, old friend, forget,
Ev'n while we sigh o'er blessings gone,
How many are left us yet.

DREAMING FOR EVER.

DREAMING for ever, vainly dreaming,
Life to the last pursues its flight ;
Day hath its visions fairly beaming,
But false as those of night.
The one illusion, the other real,
But both the same brief dreams at last ;
And when we grasp the bliss ideal,
Soon as it shines, 'tis past.

Here, then, by this dim lake reposing,
Calmly I'll watch, while light and gloom
Flit o'er its face till night is closing —
Emblem of life's short doom !
But though, by turns, thus dark and shining,
'Tis still unlike man's changeful day,
Whose light returns not, once declining,
Whose cloud, once come, will stay.

THOUGH LIGHTLY SOUNDS THE SONG I SING.

A SONG OF THE ALPS.

THOUGH lightly sounds the song I sing to thee,
Though like the lark's its soaring music be,
Thou'lt find even here some mournful note that tells
How near such April joy to weeping dwells.
'Tis 'mong the gayest scenes that oft'nest steal
Those sadd'ning thoughts we fear, yet love to feel ;
And music never half so sweet appears,
As when her mirth forgets itself in tears.

Then say not thou this Alpine song is gay.—
It comes from hearts that, like their mountain-lay,
Mix joy with pain, and oft when pleasure's breath
Most warms the surface, feel most sad beneath.
The very beam in which the snow-wreath wears
Its gayest smile is that which wins its tears,—
And passion's pow'r can never lend the glow
Which wakens bliss, without some touch of woe.

THE RUSSLAN LOVER.

FLEETLY o'er the moonlight snows
Speed we to my lady's bow'r;
Swift our sledge as lightning goes,
Nor shall stop till morning's hour.
Bright, my steed, the northern star
Lights us from yon jewell'd skies;
But, to greet us, brighter far,
Morn shall bring my lady's eyes.

Lovers, lull'd in sunny bow'rs,
Sleeping out their dream of time,
Know not half the bliss that's ours,
In this snowy, icy clime.
Like yon star that livelier gleams
From the frosty heavens around,
Love himself the keener beams
When with snows of coyness crown'd.

Fleet then on, my merry steed,
Bound, my sledge, o'er hill and dale ;—
What can match a lover's speed ?
See, 'tis daylight, breaking pale !
Brightly hath the northern star
Lit us from yon radiant skies ;
But, behold, how brighter far
Yonder shine my lady's eyes !

FANNY, DEAREST !

YES ! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
Fanny, dearest, for thee I'd sigh ;
And every smile on my cheek should turn
To tears when thou art nigh.
But, between love, and wine, and sleep,
So busy a life I live,
That even the time it would take to weep
Is more than my heart can give.
Then wish me not to despair and pine,
Fanny, dearest of all the dears !
The Love that's order'd to bathe in wine,
Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
Fanny, dearest, thy image lies ;
But, ah ! the mirror would cease to shine,
If dimm'd too often with sighs.
They lose the half of beauty's light,
Who view it through sorrow's tear ;

And 'tis but to see thee truly bright
 That I keep my eye-beams clear.
 Then wait no longer till tears shall flow—
 Fanny, dearest! the hope is vain;
 If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,
 I shall never attempt it with rain.

SUSAN. *na!*

YOUNG Love liv'd once in an humble shed,
 Where roses breathing,
 And woodbines wreathing
 Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
 As wild and sweet as the life he led.
 His garden flourish'd,
 For young Hope nourish'd
 The infant buds with beams and showers;
 But lips, though blooming, must still be fed,
 And not even Love can live on flowers.

Alas! that Poverty's evil eye
 Should e'er come hither,
 Such sweets to wither!
 The flowers laid down their heads to die,
 And Hope fell sick as the witch drew nigh.
 She came one morning,
 Ere Love had warning,
 And rais'd the latch, where the young god lay;
 "Oh ho!" said Love—"is it you? good by;"
 So he oped the window, and flew away!

TO SIGH, YET FEEL NO PAIN.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by.
To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none ;
To think all other charms divine,
But those we just have won.
This is love, faithless love,
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,
Through life unchill'd, unmov'd,
To love, in wintry age, the same
As first in youth we lov'd;
To feel that we adore,
Ev'n to such fond excess,
That, though the heart would break with *more*,
It could not live with *less*.
This is love, faithful love,
Such as saints might feel above.

SPIRIT OF JOY, THY ALTAR LIES.

SPIRIT of Joy, thy altar lies
In youthful hearts that hope like mine ;
And 'tis the light of laughing eyes,
That leads us to thy fairy shrine.

There if we find the sigh, the tear,
They are not those to sorrow known ;
But breath so soft, and drops so clear,
That Bliss may claim them for her own.
Then give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
And teaches ev'n our tears to keep
The tinge of pleasure as they flow.

The child, who sees the dew of night
Upon the spangled hedge at morn,
Attempts to catch the drops of light,
But wounds his finger with the thorn.
Thus oft the brightest joys we seek,
Are lost, when touch'd, and turn'd to pain ;
The flush they kindled leaves the cheek,
The tears they waken long remain.
But give me, give me, &c. &c.

WHEN LEILA TOUCH'D THE LUTE.

WHEN Leila touch'd the lute,
Not *then* alone 'twas felt,
But, when the sounds were mute,
In memory still they dwelt.
Sweet lute ! in nightly slumbers
Still we heard thy morning numbers.

Ah, how could she, who stole
Such breath from simple wire,

Be led, in pride of soul,
To string with gold her lyre?
Sweet lute! thy chords she breaketh;
Golden now the strings she waketh!

But where are all the tales
Her lute so sweetly told?
In lofty themes she fails,
And soft ones suit not gold.
Rich lute! we see thee glisten,
But, alas! no more we listen!

BOAT GLEE.

THE song that lightens our languid way
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.
The beams that flash on the oar awhile,
As we row along through waves so clear,
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that Feeling gave;—
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.

Then sing to lighten the languid way ;—
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing :
'Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.

OH THINK, WHEN A HERO IS SIGHING.

OH think, when a hero is sighing,
What danger in such an adorer !
What woman could dream of denying
The hand that lays laurels before her ?
No heart is so guarded around,
But the smile of a victor would take it ;
No bosom can slumber so sound,
But the trumpet of Glory will wake it.

Love sometimes is given to sleeping,
And woe to the heart that allows him ;
For soon neither smiling nor weeping
Will e'er from such slumber arouse him.
But though he were sleeping so fast,
That the life almost seem'd to forsake him,
Even then, one soul-thrilling blast
From the trumpet of Glory would wake him.

CUPID'S LOTTERY.

A LOTTERY, a Lottery,
In Cupid's Court there us'd to be ;

Two roguish eyes
The highest prize
In Cupid's scheming Lottery ;
And kisses, too,
As good as new,
Which weren't very hard to win,
For he, who won
The eyes of fun,
Was sure to have the kisses in.
A Lottery, a Lottery, &c.

This Lottery, this Lottery,
In Cupid's Court went merrily,
And Cupid play'd
A Jewish trade
In this his scheming Lottery ;
For hearts, we're told,
In *shares* he sold
To many a fond believing drone,
And cut the hearts
So well in parts,
That each believ'd the whole his own.

Chor. — A Lottery, a Lottery,
In Cupid's Court there us'd to be ;
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize
In Cupid's scheming Lottery.

THOUGH SACRED THE TIE.¹

THOUGH sacred the tie that our country entwineth,
And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,
Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,
And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.
Oh Liberty, born in the cot of the peasant,
But dying of languor in luxury's dome,
Our vision, when absent—our glory, when present—
Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home.

Farewell to the land where in childhood I wander'd!
In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave;
Unbless'd is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,
And Fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave.
But hail to thee, Albion! who meet'st the commotion
Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam;
With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the ocean,
Hail, Temple of Liberty! thou art my home.

WHERE IS THE HEART THAT WOULD NOT GIVE.

WHERE is the heart that would not give
Years of drowsy days and nights,
One little hour, like this, to live —
Full, to the brim, of life's delights?
Look, look around
This fairy ground

¹ Sung in the character of a Frenchman.

With love-lights glittering o'er ;
 While cups that shine
 With freight divine
 Go coasting round its shore.

Hope is the dupe of future hours,
 Memory lives in those gone by ;
 Neither can see the moment's flowers
 Springing up fresh beneath the eye.
 Wouldst thou, or thou,
 Forego what's *now*,
 For all that Hope may say ?
 No — Joy's reply,
 From every eye,
 Is, "Live we while we may.

SONG OF THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY.

Haud curat Hippoclides.

ERASM. *Adag.*

To those we love we've drunk to-night ;
 But now attend, and stare not
 While I the ampler list recite
 Of those for whom WE CARE NOT.

For royal men, howe'er they frown,
 If on their fronts they bear not
 That noblest gem that decks a crown,
 The People's Love — WE CARE NOT.

For slavish men, who bend beneath
A despot yoke, yet dare not
Pronounce the will, whose very breath
Would rend its links—WE CARE NOT.

For priestly men, who covet sway
And wealth, though they declare not ;
Who point, like finger-posts, the way
They never go—WE CARE NOT.

For martial men, who on their sword,
Howe'er it conquers, wear not
The pledges of a soldier's word,
Redeem'd and pure—WE CARE NOT.

For legal men, who plead for wrong,
And, though to lies they swear not,
Are hardly better than the throng
Of those who *do*—WE CARE NOT.

For courtly men, who feed upon
The land, like grubs, and spare not
The smallest leaf, where they can sun
Their crawling limbs—WE CARE NOT.

For wealthy men, who keep their mines
In darkness hid, and share not
The paltry ore with him who pines
In honest want—WE CARE NOT.

For prudent men, who hold the power
Of Love aloof, and bare not

Their hearts in any guardless hour
 To Beauty's shaft — WE CARE NOT.

For all, in short, on land or sea,
 In camp or court, who *are* not,
 Who never *were*, or e'er *will* be
 Good men and true — WE CARE NOT.

THE DREAM OF THE TWO SISTERS.

FROM DANTE.

Nell ora, credo, che dell' oriente
 Prima raggiò nel monte Citerea,
 Che di fuoco d' amor par sempre ardente,
 Giovane e bella in sogno mi pareo
 Donna vedere andar per una landa
 Cogliendo fiori ; e cantando dicea : —

Sappia qualunque 'l mio nome dimanda,
 Ch' io mi son Lia, e vo movendo 'l torno
 Le belle mani a farmi una ghirlanda —
 Per piacermi allo specchio qui m' adorno ;
 Ma mia suora Rachel mai non si smaga
 Dal suo ammiraglio, e siede tutto il giorno.

Ell' è de' suoi begli occhi veder vaga,
 Com' io dell' adornarmi con le mani ;
 Lei lo vedere e me l'ovrare appaga.

DANTE, *Purg.* canto xxvii.

'Twas eve's soft hour, and bright, above,
 The star of Beauty beam'd,
 While lull'd by light so full of love,
 In slumber thus I dream'd —

Methought, at that sweet hour,
A nymph came o'er the lea,
Who, gath'ring many a flow'r,
Thus said and sung to me :—
“ Should any ask what Leila loves,
“ Say thou, 'To wreathe her hair
“ With flow'rets cull'd from glens'and groves,
“ Is Leila's only care.

“ While thus in quest of flow'rets rare,
“ O'er hill and dale I roam,
“ My sister, Rachel, far more fair,
“ Sits lone and mute at home.
“ Before her glass untiring,
“ With thoughts that never stray,
“ Her own bright eyes admiring,
“ She sits the live-long day ;
“ While I ! oh, seldom even a look
“ Of self salutes my eye ;—
“ My only glass, the limpid brook,
“ That shines and passes by.”

SOVEREIGN WOMAN.

A BALLAD.

THE dance was o'er, yet still in dreams
That fairy scene went on ;
Like clouds still flush'd with daylight gleams,
Though day itself is gone.

And gracefully, to music's sound,
The same bright nymphs went gliding round;
While thou, the Queen of all, wert there—
The Fairest still, where all were fair.

The dream then chang'd—in halls of state,
I saw thee high enthron'd;
While, rang'd around, the wise, the great
In thee their mistress own'd:
And still the same, thy gentle sway
O'er willing subjects won its way—
'Till all confess'd the Right Divine
To rule o'er man was only thine!

But, lo, the scene now chang'd again—
And borne on plumed steed,
I saw thee o'er the battle-plain
Our land's defenders lead;
And stronger in thy beauty's charms,
Than man, with countless hosts in arms,
Thy voice, like music, cheer'd the Free;
Thy very smile was victory!

Nor reign such queens on thrones alone—
In cot and court the same,
Wherever woman's smile is known,
Victoria's still her name.
For though she almost blush to reign,
Though Love's own flow'rets wreath the chain,
Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still.

COME, PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE AIR AGAIN.

A BALLAD.

COME, play me that simple air again,
I us'd so to love, in life's young day,
And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then
Were waken'd by that sweet lay.

The tender gloom its strain
Shed o'er the heart and brow,
Grief's shadow, without its pain —
Say where, where is it now?
But play me the well-known air once more,
For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain,
Like dreams of some far, fairy shore
We never shall see again.

Sweet air, how every note brings back
Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright,
That, shining o'er life's early track,
Fill'd ev'n its tears with light.

The new-found life that came
With Love's first echo'd vow ; —
The fear, the bliss, the shame —
Ah — where, where are they now?

But, still the same lov'd notes prolong,
For sweet 'twere thus, to that old lay,
In dreams of youth and love and song,
To breathe life's hour away.

OH, WERE IT NOT FOR THIS SAD VOICE.

OH, were it not for this sad voice,
 Stealing amid our mirth to say,
 That all, in which we most rejoice,
 Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey ; —
But for this bitter—only this—
 Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss,
 And capable as feels my soul
 Of draining to its depth the whole,
 I should turn earth to heaven, and be,
 If bliss made gods, a deity !

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

“DRINK of this cup—Osiris¹ sips
 The same in his halls below ;
 And the same he gives to cool the lips,
 Of the Dead² who downward go.

“Drink of this cup—the water within
 Is fresh from Lethe's stream ;

¹ Osiris, under the name of Serapis, was supposed to rule over the subterranean world ; and performed the office of Pluto, in the mythology of the Egyptians. “They believed,” says Dr. Prichard, “that Serapis presided over the region of departed souls, during the period of their absence, when languishing without bodies, and that the dead were deposited in his palace.” — *Analysis of the Egyptian Mythology*.

² “Frigidam illam aquam post mortem, tanquam Hebes poculum, expetitam.” *Zoega*. — The Lethe of the Egyptians was called Ameles. See *Dupuis*, tom. viii. p. 651.

'Twill make the past, with all its sin,
 And all its pain and sorrows, seem
 Like a long-forgotten dream !

“ The pleasure, whose charms
 Are steep'd in woe ;
 The knowledge that harms
 The soul to know ;

“ The hope, that, bright
 As the lake of the waste,
 Allures the sight,
 But mocks the taste ;

“ The love, that binds
 Its innocent wreath,
 Where the serpent winds,
 In venom beneath ;—

“ All that, of evil or false, by thee
 Hath ever been known or seen,
 Shall melt away in this cup, and be
 Forgot, as it never had been !”

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

“ DRINK of this cup — when Isis led
 Her boy, of old, to the beaming sky,
 She mingled a draught divine¹, and said—
 ‘ Drink of this cup, thou’lt never die !’

¹ The *της αθανασιας φαρμακον*, which, according to Diodorus Siculus, Isis prepared for her son Orus. — Lib. i.

“Thus do I say and sing to thee,
Heir of that boundless heaven on high,
Though frail, and fall’n, and lost thou be,
Drink of this cup, thou’lt never die!”

OH! ABYSSINIAN TREE.

“OH! Abyssinian tree,
We pray, we pray to thee;
By the glow of thy golden fruit,
And the violet hue of thy flower,
And the greeting mute
Of thy bough’s salute
To the stranger who seeks thy bower.¹

“Oh! Abyssinian tree,
How the traveller blesses thee,
When the night no moon allows,
And the sunset hour is near,
And though bendst thy boughs,
To kiss his brows,
Saying, ‘Come rest thee here.’
Oh! Abyssinian tree,
Thus bow thy head to me!”

THE VOICE.

It came o’er her sleep, like a voice of those days,
When love, only love, was the light of her ways;

¹ See an account of this sensitive tree, which bends down its branches to those who approach it, in M. Jomard’s Description of Syene and the Cataracts.

And, soft as in moments of bliss long ago,
It whisper'd her name from the garden below.

“Alas,” sigh'd the maiden, “how fancy can cheat!
“The world once had lips that could whisper thus sweet;
“But cold now they slumber in yon fatal deep,
“Where, oh that beside them this heart too could sleep!”

She sunk on her pillow—but no, 'twas in vain
To chase the illusion, that Voice came again!
She flew to the casement—but, hush'd as the grave,
In moonlight lay slumbering woodland and wave.

“Oh sleep, come and shield me,” in anguish she said,
“From that call of the buried, that cry of the Dead!”
And sleep came around her—but, starting, she woke,
For still from the garden that spirit Voice spoke!

“I come,” she exclaim'd: “be thy home where it may,
“On earth or in heaven, that call I obey.”
Then forth through the moonlight, with heart beating fast,
And loud as a death-watch, the pale maiden past.

Still round her the scene all in loneliness shone;
And still, in the distance, that Voice led her on;
But whither she wander'd, by wave or by shore,
None ever could tell, for she came back no more.

No, ne'er came she back,—but the watchman who stood,
That night in the tow'r which o'ershadows the flood,
Saw dimly, 'tis said, o'er the moon-lighted spray,
A youth on a steed bear the maiden away.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

THEY told her that he, to whose vow she had listen'd
Through night's fleeting hours, was a spirit unblest ; —
Unholy the eyes, that beside her had glisten'd,
And evil the lips she in darkness had prest.

“When next in thy chamber the bridegroom reclineth,
“Bring near him thy lamp, when in slumber he lies ;
“And there, as the light o'er his dark features shineth,
“Thou'lt see what a demon hath won all thy sighs !”

Too fond to believe them, yet doubting, yet fearing,
When calm lay the sleeper she stole with her light ;
And saw — such a vision ! — no image, appearing
To bards in their day-dreams, was ever so bright.

A youth, but just passing from childhood's sweet morning,
While round him still linger'd its innocent ray ;
Though gleams from beneath his shut eyelids gave
warning
Of summer-noon lightnings that under them lay.

His brow had a grace more than mortal around it,
While, glossy as gold from a fairy-land mine,
His sunny hair hung, and the flowers that crown'd it
Seem'd fresh from the breeze of some garden divine.

Entranc'd stood the bride, on that miracle gazing,
What late was but love is idolatry now ;
But, ah — in her tremor the fatal lamp raising —
A sparkle flew from it and dropp'd on his brow.

All's lost — with a start from his rosy sleep waking,
The Spirit flash'd o'er her his glances of fire ;
Then, slow from the clasp of her snowy arms breaking,
Thus said in a voice more of sorrow than ire :

“Farewell—what a dream thy suspicion hath broken !
“ Thus ever Affection's fond vision is crost ;
“ Dissolv'd are her spells when a doubt is but spoken,
“ And love, once distrusted, for ever is lost !”

HERO AND LEANDER.

“ THE night-wind is moaning with mournful sigh,
“ There gleameth no moon in the misty sky,
“ No star over Helle's sea ;
“ Yet, yet, there is shining one holy light,
“ One love-kindled star through the deep of night,
“ To lead me, sweet Hero, to thee !”

Thus saying, he plung'd in the foamy stream,
Still fixing his gaze on that distant beam
No eye but a lover's could see ;
And still, as the surge swept over his head,
“ To-night,” he said tenderly, “ living or dead,
“ Sweet Hero, I'll rest with thee !”

But fiercer around him the wild waves speed ;
Oh, Love ! in that hour of thy votary's need,
Where, where could thy Spirit be ?
He struggles—he sinks—while the hurricane's breath
Bears rudely away his last farewell in death —
“ Sweet Hero, I die for thee !”

THE LEAF AND THE FOUNTAIN.

- “ TELL me, kind Seer, I pray thee,
“ So may the stars obey thee,
 “ So may each airy
 “ Moon-elf and fairy
“ Nightly their homage pay thee !
“ Say, by what spell, above, below,
“ In stars that wink or flow’rs that blow,
 “ I may discover,
 “ Ere night is over,
“ Whether my love loves me or no,
“ Whether my love loves me.”
- “ Maiden, the dark tree nigh thee
“ Hath charms no gold could buy thee ;
 “ Its stem enchanted,
 “ By moon-elves planted,
“ Will all thou seek’st supply thee.
“ Climb to yon boughs that highest grow,
“ Bring thence their fairest leaf below ;
 “ And thou’lt discover,
 “ Ere night is over,
“ Whether thy love loves thee or no,
“ Whether thy love loves thee.”
- “ See, up the dark tree going,
“ With blossoms round me blowing,
 “ From thence, oh Father,
 “ This leaf I gather,
“ Fairest that there is growing.

“ Say, by what sign I now shall know

“ If in this leaf lie bliss or woe ;

“ And thus discover,

“ Ere night is over,

“ Whether my love loves me or no,

“ Whether my love loves me.”

“ Fly to yon fount that’s welling,

“ Where moonbeam ne’er had dwelling,

“ Dip in its water

“ That leaf, oh Daughter,

“ And mark the tale ’tis telling ;¹

“ Watch thou if pale or bright it grow,

“ List thou, the while, that fountain’s flow,

“ And thou’lt discover

“ Whether thy lover,

“ Lov’d as he is, loves thee or no,

“ Lov’d as he is, loves thee.”

Forth flew the nymph, delighted,

To seek that fount benighted ;

But, scarce a minute

The leaf lay in it,

When, lo, its bloom was blighted !

And as she ask’d, with voice of woe —

List’ning, the while, that fountain’s flow —

¹ The ancients had a mode of divination somewhat similar to this ; and we find the Emperor Adrian, when he went to consult the Fountain of Castalia, plucking a bay-leaf and dipping it into the sacred water.

“ Shall I recover,
“ My truant lover ?”
The fountain seem’d to answer, “ No ;”
The fountain answer’d, “ No.”

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

A HUNTER once in that grove reclin’d,
To shun the noon’s bright eye,
And oft he woo’d the wandering wind,
To cool his brow with its sigh.
While mute lay ev’n the wild bee’s hum,
Nor breath could stir the aspen’s hair
His song was still “ Sweet Air, oh come !”
While Echo answer’d, “ Come, sweet Air !”

But, hark, what sounds from the thicket rise !
What meaneth that rustling spray ?
“ ’Tis the white-horn’d doe,” the Hunter cries,
“ I have sought since break of day.”
Quick o’er the sunny glade he springs,
The arrow flies from his sounding bow,
“ Hilliho—hilliho !” he gaily sings,
While Echo sighs forth “ Hilliho !”

Alas, ’twas not the white-horn’d doe
He saw in the rustling grove,
But the bridal veil, as pure as snow,
Of his own young wedded love.

And, ah, too sure that arrow sped,
For pale at his feet he sees her lie ;—
“ I die, I die,” was all she said,
While Echo murmur'd, “ I die, I die ! ”

YOUTH AND AGE.¹

“ TELL me, what's Love ? ” said Youth, one day,
To drooping Age, who crost his way. —
“ It is a sunny hour of play,
“ For which repentance dear doth pay ;
“ Repentance ! Repentance !
“ And this is Love, as wise men say.”

“ Tell me, what's Love ? ” said Youth once more,
Fearful, yet fond, of Age's lore. —
“ Soft as a passing summer's wind :
“ Wouldst know the blight it leaves behind ?
“ Repentance ! Repentance !
“ And this is Love when love is o'er.” —

“ Tell me, what's Love ? ” said Youth again,
Trusting the bliss, but not the pain.
“ Sweet as a May-tree's scented air —
“ Mark ye what bitter fruit 'twill bear,
“ Repentance ! Repentance !
“ This, this is Love—sweet Youth, beware.”

¹ The air, to which I have adapted these words, was composed by Mrs. Arkwright to some old verses, “ Tell me what's love, kind shepherd, pray ? ” and it has been my object to retain as much of the structure and phraseology of the original words as possible.

Just then, young Love himself came by,
And cast on Youth a smiling eye ;
Who could resist that glance's ray ?
In vain did Age his warning say,
 " Repentance ! Repentance !"
Youth laughing went with Love away.

THE DYING WARRIOR.

A WOUNDED Chieftain, lying
By the Danube's leafy side,
Thus faintly said, in dying,
 " Oh ! bear, thou foaming tide,
 " This gift to my lady-bride."

'Twas then, in life's last quiver,
He flung the scarf he wore
Into the foaming river,
Which, ah too quickly, bore
That pledge of one no more !

With fond impatience burning,
The Chieftain's lady stood,
To watch her love returning
In triumph down the flood,
From that day's field of blood.

But, field, alas, ill-fated !
The lady saw, instead
Of the bark whose speed she waited,
Her hero's scarf, all red
With the drops his heart had shed.

One shriek — and all was over —
Her life-pulse ceas'd to beat ;
The gloomy waves now cover
That bridal flower so sweet,
And the scarf is her winding sheet !

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

“ COME, if thy magic Glass have pow'r,
“ To call up forms we sigh to see ;
“ Show me my love, in that rosy bow'r,
“ Where last she pledg'd her truth to me.”

The Wizard show'd him his Lady bright,
Where lone and pale in her bow'r she lay ;
“ True-hearted maid,” said the happy Knight,
“ She's thinking of one, who is far away.”

But, lo ! a page, with looks of joy,
Brings tidings to the Lady's ear ;
“ 'Tis,” said the Knight, “ the same bright boy,
“ Who used to guide me to my dear.”

The Lady now, from her fav'rite tree,
Hath, smiling, pluck'd a rosy flow'r ;
“ Such,” he exclaim'd, “ was the gift that she
“ Each morning sent me from that bow'r !”

She gives her page the blooming rose,
With looks that say, “ Like lightning, fly !”
“ Thus,” thought the Knight, “ she soothes her woes,
“ By fancying, still, her true-love nigh.”

But the page returns, and — oh, what a sight,
For trusting lover's eyes to see! —
Leads to that bow'r another Knight,
As young and, alas, as lov'd as he!

“Such,” quoth the Youth, “is Woman's love!”
Then, darting forth, with furious bound,
Dash'd at the Mirror his iron glove,
And strew'd it all in fragments round.

MORAL.

Such ills would never have come to pass,
Had he ne'er sought that fatal view;
The Wizard would still have kept his Glass,
And the Knight still thought his Lady true.

THE PILGRIM.

STILL thus, when twilight gleam'd,
Far off his Castle seem'd,
Trac'd on the sky;
And still, as fancy bore him
To those dim tow'rs before him,
He gaz'd, with wishful eye,
And thought his home was nigh.

“Hall of my Sires!” he said,
“How long, with weary tread,
Must I toil on?”

“ Each eve, as thus I wander,
“ Thy tow’rs seem rising yonder,
“ But, scarce hath daylight shone,
“ When, like a dream, thou’rt gone !”

So went the Pilgrim, still,
Down dale and over hill,
Day after day ;
That glimpse of home, so cheering,
At twilight still appearing,
But still, with morning’s ray,
Melting, like mist, away !

Where rests the Pilgrim now ?
Here, by this cypress bough,
Clos’d his career ;
That dream, of Fancy’s weaving,
No more his steps deceiving,
Alike past hope and fear,
The Pilgrim’s home is here.

THE HIGH-BORN LADYE.

IN vain all the Knights of the Underwald woo’d her,
Though brightest of maidens, the proudest was she ;
Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels they
sued her,
But worthy were none of the high-born Ladye.

“ Whomsoever I wed,” said this maid, so excelling,
“ That Knight must the conqu’ror of conquerors be ;

“He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to dwell in ;—
“None else shall be Lord of the high-born Ladye !”

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking round
her,
On Knights and on Nobles of highest degree ;
Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,
And worshipp'd at distance the high-born Ladye.

At length came a Knight, from a far land to woo her,
With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea ;
His vizor was down—but, with voice that thrill'd
through her,
He whisper'd his vows to the high-born Ladye.

“Proud maiden ! I come with high spousals to grace
thee,
“In me the great conqu'ror of conquerors see ;
“Enthron'd in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee,
“And mine thou'rt for ever, thou high-born Ladye.”

The maiden she smil'd, and in jewels array'd her,
Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she ;
And proud was the step, as her bridegroom convey'd her
In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.

“But whither,” she, starting, exclaims, “have you led
me ?
“Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress tree ;
“Is *this* the bright palace in which thou wouldst wed
me ?”

With scorn in her glance, said the high-born Ladye.

“’Tis the home,” he replied, “of earth’s loftiest creatures” —

Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see ;
But she sunk on the ground—’twas a skeleton’s features,
And Death was the Lord of the high-born Ladye !

THE INDIAN BOAT.

’Twas midnight dark,
The seaman’s bark,
Swift o’er the waters bore him,
When, through the night,
He spied a light
Shoot o’er the wave before him.
“ A sail ! a sail ! ” he cries ;
“ She comes from the Indian shore,
“ And to-night shall be our prize,
“ With her freight of golden ore :
“ Sail on ! sail on ! ”
When morning shone
He saw the gold still clearer ;
But, though so fast
The waves he pass’d,
That boat seem’d never the nearer.

Bright daylight came,
And still the same
Rich bark before him floated ;

While on the prize
His wishful eyes
Like any young lover's doated :
" More sail! more sail!" he cries,
While the waves o'ertop the mast ;
And his bounding galley flies,
Like an arrow before the blast.
Thus on, and on,
Till day was gone,
And the moon through heaven did hie her
He swept the main,
But all in vain,
That boat seem'd never the nigher.

And many a day
To night gave way,
And many a morn succeeded :
While still his flight,
Through day and night,
That restless mariner speeded.
Who knows—who knows what seas
He is now careering o'er?
Behind, the eternal breeze,
And that mocking bark before !
For, oh, till sky
And earth shall die,
And their death leave none to rue it,
That boat must flee
O'er the boundless sea,
And that ship in vain pursue it.

THE STRANGER.

COME list, while I tell of the heart-wounded Stranger
Who sleeps her last slumber in this haunted ground ;
Where often, at midnight, the lonely wood-ranger
Hears soft fairy music re-echo around.

None e'er knew the name of that heart-stricken lady,
Her language, though sweet, none could e'er under-
stand ;
But her features so sunn'd, and her eyelash so shady,
Bespoke her a child of some far Eastern land.

'Twas one summer night, when the village lay sleeping,
A soft strain of melody came o'er our ears ;
So sweet, but so mournful, half song and half weeping,
Like music that Sorrow had steep'd in her tears.

We thought 'twas an anthem some angel had sung us ;—
But, soon as the day-beams had gush'd from on high,
With wonder we saw this bright stranger among us,
All lovely and lone, as if stray'd from the sky.

Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended,
For pale was her cheek, with that spirit-like hue,
Which comes when the day of this world is nigh ended,
And light from another already shines through.

Then her eyes, when she sung—oh, but once to have
seen them—
Left thoughts in the soul that can never depart ;

While her looks and her voice made a language between
them,

That spoke more than holiest words to the heart.

But she pass'd like a day-dream, no skill could restore
her—

Whate'er was her sorrow, its ruin came fast ;
She died with the same spell of mystery o'er her,
That song of past days on her lips to the last.

Nor ev'n in the grave is her sad heart reposing—
Still hovers the spirit of grief round her tomb ;
For oft, when the shadows of midnight are closing,
The same strain of music is heard through the gloom.

MELOLOGUE.

A SHORT STRAIN OF MUSIC FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

THERE breathes a language, known and felt
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone ;
Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt,
That language of the soul is felt and known.
From those meridian plains,
Where oft, of old, on some high tow'r,
The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,
And call'd his distant love with such sweet pow'r,
That, when she heard the lonely lay,
Not worlds could keep her from his arms away.¹

¹ "A certain Spaniard, one night late, met an Indian woman in the streets of Cozeo, and would have taken her to his home, but she cried out, 'For God's sake, Sir, let me go ; for that pipe, which you hear in yonder tower, calls me with great passion, and I cannot refuse the

To the bleak climes of polar night,
 Where blithe, beneath a sunless sky,
 The Lapland lover bids his rein-deer fly,
 And sings along the length'ning waste of snow,
 Gaily as if the blessed light
 Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow ;
 Oh Music ! thy celestial claim
 Is still resistless, still the same ;
 And, faithful as the mighty sea
 To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,
 The spell-bound tides
 Of human passion rise and fall for thee !

GREEK AIR.

List ! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
 While, from Ilissus' silv'ry springs,
 She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn ;
 And by her side, in Music's charm dissolving,
 Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,
 Dreams of bright days that never can return ;
 When Athens nurs'd her olive bough,
 With hands by tyrant pow'r unchained ;
 And braided for the muse's brow
 A wreath by tyrant touch unstain'd :
 When heroes trod each classic field
 Where coward feet now faintly falter ;
 When ev'ry arm was Freedom's shield,
 And ev'ry heart was Freedom's altar !

summons ; for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife, and he my husband.' " — *Garcilasso de la Véga*, in Sir Paul Ricaut's translation.

FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS.

Hark, 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's wak'ning ears!—
Oh! many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier when that call she hears;
And, though her fond heart sink with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valour's fever at the sound.
See, from his native hills afar
The rude Helvetian flies to war;
Careless for what, for whom he fights
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights;
A conqueror oft—a hero never—
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
And gush'd for ever!

Yes, Music, here, even here,
Amid this thoughtless, vague career,
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous pow'r—
There's a wild air which oft, among the rocks
Of his own loved land, at ev'ning hour,
Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their
flocks,
Whose every note hath power to thrill his mind
With tend'rest thoughts; to bring around his knees
The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears, that ask him why
He wander'd from his hut for scenes like these.

Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar ;
 Sweet notes of home, of love, are all he hears ;
 And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood before,
 Now melting, mournful, lose themselves in tears.

SWISS AIR. — "RANZ DES VACHES."

But, wake the trumpet's blast again,
 And rouse the ranks of warrior-men !
 Oh War, when Truth thy arm employs,
 And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
 'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
 And, like Heaven's light'ning, sacredly destroys.
 Nor, Music, through thy breathing sphere,
 Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
 Of Him who made all harmony,
 Than the bless'd sound of fetters breaking,
 And the first hymn that man, awaking
 From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty.

SPANISH CHORUS.

Hark ! from Spain, indignant Spain,
 Bursts the bold, enthusiast strain,
 Like morning's music on the air ;
 And seems, in every note, to swear
 By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
 By brave Gerona's deathful story,
 That, while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,
 That blood shall stain the conqueror's glory.

SPANISH AIR. — "YA DESPERTO."

But ah ! if vain the patriot's zeal,
 If neither valour's force nor wisdom's light

Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal,
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right —
What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,
Of buried hopes, remember'd well,
Of ardour quench'd, and honour faded?
What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at Memory's shrine?
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
Oh Erin, Thine!

•

SACRED SONGS.

THOU ART, O GOD.

(AIR. — UNKNOWN.¹)

“The day is thine, the night also is thine : thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

“Thou has set all the borders of the earth : thou hast made summer and winter.” — *Psalm lxxiv.* 16, 17.

THOU art, O GOD, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine !

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the op'ning clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven —
Those hues that make the Sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, LORD ! are Thine.

¹ I have heard that this air is by the late Mrs. Sheridan. It is sung to the beautiful old words, “I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair.”

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes —
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, LORD ! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower the Summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine !

THE BIRD, LET LOOSE.

(AIR. — BEETHOVEN.)

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,¹
 When hast'ning fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam.
 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
 And stain of passion free,
 Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
 To hold my course-to Thee !

¹ The carrier-pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My Soul, as home she springs ;—
 Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy Freedom in her wings !

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

(AIR. — MARTINI.)

FALL'N is thy throne, O Israel !
 Silence is o'er thy plains ;
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
 Thy children weep in chains.
 Where are the dews that fed thee
 On Etham's barren shore ?
 That fire from Heaven which led thee,
 Now lights thy path no more.

LORD ! thou didst love Jerusalem —
 Once she was all thy own ;
 Her love thy fairest heritage,¹
 Her power thy glory's throne.²
 Till evil came, and blighted
 Thy long-lov'd olive tree ; — ³
 And Salem's shrines were lighted
 For other gods than thee.

¹ "I have left mine heritage ; I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies." — *Jeremiah*, xii. 7.

² "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory." — *Jer.* xiv. 21.

³ "The Lord called thy name a green olive-tree ; fair, and of goodly fruit," &c. — *Jer.* xi. 16.

Then sunk the star of Solyma —

Then passed her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness,¹

The wild wind whirls away.

Silent and waste her bowers,

Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,

While Baal reign'd as God.

“Go” — said the LORD — “Ye Conquerors!

“Steep in her blood your swords,

“And raze to earth her battlements,²

“For they are not the LORD's.

“Till Zion's mournful daughter

“O'er kindred bones shall tread,

“And Hinnom's vale of slaughter³

“Shall hide but half her dead!”

WHO IS THE MAID?

ST. JEROME'S LOVE.⁴

(AIR. — BEETHOVEN.)

Who is the Maid my spirit seeks,

Through cold reproof and slander's blight?

¹ “For he shall be like the heath in the desert.” — *Jer.* xvii. 6.

² “Take away her battlements; for they are not the Lord's.” — *Jer.* v. 10.

³ “Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place.” — *Jer.* vii. 32.

⁴ These lines were suggested by a passage in one of St. Jerome's

Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?
 Is *hers* an eye of this world's light?
 No — wan and sunk with midnight prayer
 Are the pale looks of her I love;
 Or if, at times, a light be there,
 Its beam is kindled from above.

I chose not her, my heart's elect,
 From those who seek their Maker's shrine
 In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
 As if themselves were things divine.
 No — Heaven but faintly warms the breast
 'That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
 And she who comes in glitt'ring vest
 To mourn her frailty, still is frail.¹

Not so the faded form I prize
 And love, because its bloom is gone;
 The glory in those sainted eyes
 Is all the grace *her* brow puts on.
 And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
 So touching as that form's decay,
 Which, like the altar's trembling light,
 In holy lustre wastes away.

Letters, replying to some calumnious remarks that had been circulated respecting his intimacy with the matron Paula: — “Numquid me vestes sericæ, nitentes gemmæ, picta facies, aut auri rapuit ambitio? Nulla fuit alia Romæ matronarum, quæ meam possit edomare mentem, nisi lugens atque jejunans, fletu pene cæcata.” — *Epist.* “*Si tibi putem.*”

¹ Ου γὰρ κρυσσοφορεῖν τὴν δακρυουσαν δεῖ. — *Chrysost. Homil. 8. in Epist. ad Tim.*

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given ;
 The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —
 There's nothing true, but Heaven !

And false the light on Glory's plume,
 As fading hues of Even ;
 And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb —
 There's nothing bright, but Heaven !

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day !
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
 Serve but to light the troubled way —
 There's nothing calm, but Heaven !

OH, THOU ! WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

(AIR. — HAYDN.)

“ He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.” —
Psalm cxlvii. 3.

OH, Thou ! who dry'st the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee !
 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown ;

And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,
Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy Wing of Love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our Peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

(AIR. — AVISON.)

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies,
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it;
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course, [it,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchain'd
To water that Eden where first was its source.

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
 In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,¹
 Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,
 Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
 And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her brow.
 Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
 From this gloomy world, while its gloom was un-
 known —
 And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
 Were echoed in heaven by lips like her own.
 Weep not for her — in her spring-time she flew
 To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd;
 And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
 Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.



THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
 My temple, LORD! that Arch of thine;

¹ This second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to the fate of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late Colonel Bainbrigge, who was married in Ashbourne church, October 31. 1815, and died of a fever in a few weeks after: the sound of her marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears when we heard of her death. During her last delirium she sung several hymns, in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them were some from the present collection, (particularly, "There's nothing bright but Heaven,") which this very interesting girl had often heard me sing during the summer.

My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only pray'rs.¹

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murm'ring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee !

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne ;
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy Love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

¹ Pii orant tacitè.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

(AIR. — AVISON.¹)

“ And Miriam the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand ; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances.” — *Exod.* xv. 20.

SOUND the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
JEHOVAH has triumph'd — his people are free.
Sing — for the pride of the Tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave —
How vain was their boast, for the LORD hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea ;
JEHOVAH has triumph'd — his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror ! praise to the LORD !
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword —
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?
For the LORD hath looked out from his pillar of glory²,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea ;
JEHOVAH has triumph'd — his people are free !

¹ I have so much altered the character of this air, which is from the beginning of one of Avison's old-fashioned concertos, that, without this acknowledgment, it could hardly, I think, be recognised.

² “ And it came to pass, that, in the morning watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians.” — *Exod.* xiv. 24.

GO, LET ME WEEP.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

Go, let me weep — there's bliss in tears,
When he who sheds them inly feels
Some ling'ring stain of early years
Effac'd by every drop that steals.
The fruitless showers of worldly woe
Fall dark to earth and never rise;
While tears that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalament reach the skies.
Go, let me weep.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind. —
The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
Is cold, is faint to those that swell
The heart, where pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure, lov'd too well.
Leave me to sigh.

COME NOT, O LORD.

(AIR. — HAYDN.)

COME not, O LORD, in the dread robe of splendour
Thou wor'st on the Mount, in the day of thine ire;
Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,
Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire!

LORD, thou rememb'rest the night, when thy Nation ¹
 Stood fronting her Foe by the red-rolling stream ;
 O'er Egypt thy pillar shed dark desolation,
 While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold Thee,
 From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove ;
 While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold Thee,
 Oh, turn upon us the mild light of thy Love !

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
 An offering worthy Heaven,
 When, o'er the faults of former years,
 She wept — and was forgiven ?

When, bringing every balmy sweet
 Her day of luxury stor'd,
 She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet
 The precious odours pour'd ; —

And wip'd them with that golden hair,
 Where once the diamond shone ;
 Though now those gems of grief were there.
 Which shine for GOD alone !

¹ “ And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel ; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these.” — *Exod.* xiv. 20

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed —
 That hair — those weeping eyes —
 And the sunk heart, that inly bled —
 Heaven's noblest sacrifice ?

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
 Oh, wouldst thou wake in Heaven,
 Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
 "Love much ¹" and be forgiven !



AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

(AIR. — HAYDN.)

As down in the sunless retreats of the Ocean,
 Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
 So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
 Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,
 My GOD ! silent, to Thee —
 Pure, warm, silent, to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
 The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
 So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
 The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,
 My GOD ! trembling, to Thee —
 True, fond, trembling, to Thee.

¹ "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven ; for she loved much." —
Luke, vii. 47.



BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

BUT who shall see the glorious day
 When, thron'd on Zion's brow,
 The LORD shall rend that veil away
 Which hides the nations now?¹
 When earth no more beneath the fear
 Of his rebuke shall lie;²
 When pain shall cease, and every tear
 Be wip'd from ev'ry eye.³

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
 Beneath the heathen's chain;
 Thy days of splendour shall return,
 And all be new again.⁴
 The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd
 In peace, by all who come;⁵
 And every wind that blows shall waft
 Some long-lost exile home.

¹ "And he will destroy, in this mountain, the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations." — *Isaiah*, xxv. 7.

² "The rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth." — *Isaiah*, xxv. 8.

³ "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; . . . neither shall there be any more pain." — *Rev.* xxi. 4.

⁴ "And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new." — *Rev.* xxi. 5.

⁵ "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." — *Rev.* xxii. 17.

ALMIGHTY GOD !

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

(AIR. — MOZART.)

ALMIGHTY GOD ! when round thy shrine
 The Palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine,¹
 (Emblem of Life's eternal ray,
 And Love that "fadeth not away,")
 We bless the flowers, expanded all,²
 We bless the leaves that never fall,
 And trembling say, — "In Eden thus
 "The Tree of Life may flower for us !"

When round thy Cherubs — smiling calm,
 Without their flames³ — we wreathe the Palm,
 O GOD ! we feel the emblem true —
 Thy Mercy is eternal too.

¹ "The Scriptures having declared that the Temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the *Palms*, which made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that *Life* and *Immortality* which were brought to light by the Gospel." — *Observations on the Palm, as a Sacred Emblem*, by W. Tighe.

² "And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubims, and palm-trees, and *open flowers*." — *1 Kings*, vi. 29.

³ "When the passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the great lawgiver in the mount, then the cherubic images which appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flames ; for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy, by which *JEHOVAH* confirmed his gracious covenant to redeem mankind." — *Observations on the Palm*.

Those Cherubs, with their smiling eyes,
That crown of Palm which never dies,
Are but the types of Thee above —
Eternal Life, and Peace, and Love !

O FAIR ! O PUREST !

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.¹

(AIR. — MOORE.)

O fair ! O purest ! be thou the dove
That flies alone to some sunny grove,
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white, in the limpid spring.
There, if the hov'ring hawk be near,
That limpid spring in its mirror clear,
Reflects him, ere he reach his prey,
And warns the timorous bird away.

Be thou this dove ;
Fairest, purest, be thou this dove.

The sacred pages of GOD's own book
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,

¹ In St. Augustine's Treatise upon the advantages of a solitary life, addressed to his sister, there is the following fanciful passage, from which, the reader will perceive, the thought of this song was taken : — " Te, soror, nunquam nolo esse securam, sed timere semperque tuam fragilitatem habere suspectam, ad instar pavidæ columbæ frequentare rivos aquarum et quasi in speculo accipitris cernere supervolantis effigiem et cavere. Rivi aquarum sententiæ sunt scripturarum, quæ de limpidissimo sapientiæ fonte profluentes," &c. &c. — *De Vit. Eremit. ad Sororem.*

In whose holy mirror, night and day,
 Thou'lt study Heaven's reflected ray ; —
 And should the foes of virtue dare,
 With gloomy wing, to seek thee there,
 Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
 Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly !
 Be thou that dove ;
 Fairest, purest, be thou that dove.

ANGEL OF CHARITY.

(AIR. — HANDEL.)

ANGEL of Charity, who, from above,
 Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,
 Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
 And Pity's soul is in thy tear.
 When on the shrine of GOD were laid
 First-fruits of all most good and fair
 That ever bloom'd in Eden's shade,
 Thine was the holiest offering there.

Hope and her sister, Faith, were given
 But as our guides to yonder sky ;
 Soon as they reach the verge of heaven,
 There, lost in perfect bliss, they die.¹
 But, long as Love, Almighty Love,
 Shall on his throne of thrones abide,
 Thou, Charity, shalt dwell above,
 Smiling for ever by His side !

¹ " Then Faith shall fail, and holy Hope shall die,
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy." — *Prior*.

BEHOLD THE SUN.

(AIR. — LORD MORNINGTON.)

BEHOLD the Sun, how bright
From yonder East he springs,
As if the soul of life and light
Were breathing from his wings.

So bright the Gospel broke
Upon the souls of men ;
So fresh the dreaming world awoke
In Truth's full radiance then.

Before yon Sun arose,
Stars cluster'd through the sky —
But oh, how dim ! how pale were those,
To His one burning eye !

So Truth lent many a ray,
To bless the Pagan's night —
But, LORD, how weak, how cold were they
To Thy One glorious Light !

LORD, WHO SHALL BEAR THAT DAY ?

(AIR. — DR. BOYCE.)

LORD, who shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid,
When we shall see thy Angel, hov'ring o'er

This sinful world, with hand to heav'n extended,
 And hear him swear by Thee that Time's no more ?¹
 When Earth shall feel thy fast consuming ray —
 Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day ?

When through the world thy awful call hath sounded —
 “ Wake, all ye Dead, to judgment wake, ye Dead ! ”²
 And from the clouds, by seraph eyes surrounded,
 The Saviour shall put forth his radiant head ;³
 While Earth and Heav'n before him pass away —⁴
 Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day ?

When, with a glance, th' Eternal Judge shall sever
 Earth's evil spirits from the pure and bright,
 And say to *those*, “ Depart from me for ever ! ”
 To *these*, “ Come, dwell with me in endless light ! ”⁵
 When each and all in silence take their way —
 Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day ?

¹ “ And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, . . . that there should be time no longer.” — *Rev.* x. 5, 6.

² “ Awake, ye Dead, and come to judgment.”

³ “ They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven — and all the angels with him.” — *Matt.* xxiv. 30. and xxv. 31.

⁴ “ From whose face the earth and the heaven fled away.” — *Rev.* xx. 11.

⁵ “ And before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another. . . .

“ Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, &c.

“ Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, &c.

“ And these shall go away into everlasting punishment ; but the righteous into life eternal.” — *Matt.* xxv. 32. *et seq.*

OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.

(AIR. — HAYDN.)

OH, teach me to love Thee, to feel what thou art,
 Till, filled with the one sacred image, my heart
 Shall all other passions disown ;
 Like some pure temple, that shines apart,
 Reserv'd for Thy worship alone.

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,
 Thus still let me, living and dying the same,
 In *Thy* service bloom and decay —
 Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
 In holiness wasteth away.

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by my birth
 To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,
 On Thee let my spirit rely —
 Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,
 Still looks for its light from the sky.

WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

WEEP, weep for him, the man of GOD — ¹
 In yonder vale he sunk to rest ;
 But none of earth can point the sod ²
 That flowers above his sacred breast.
 Weep, children of Israel, weep !

¹ “And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab.” — *Deut.* xxxiv. 8.

² “And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab ; . . . but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.” — *Ibid.* ver. 6.

His doctrine fell like Heaven's rain,¹
 His words refresh'd like Heaven's dew —
 Oh, ne'er shall Israel see again
 A Chief, to God and her so true.
 Weep, children of Israel, weep !

Remember ye his parting gaze,
 His farewell song by Jordan's tide,
 When, full of glory and of days,
 He saw the promis'd land — and died.²
 Weep, children of Israel, weep !

Yet died he not as men who sink,
 Before our eyes, to soulless clay ;
 But, chang'd to spirit, like a wink
 Of summer lightning, pass'd away.³
 Weep, children of Israel, weep !

LIKE MORNING, WHEN HER EARLY BREEZE.

(AIR. — BEETHOVEN.)

LIKE morning, when her early breeze
 Breaks up the surface of the seas,

¹ "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew." — *Moses' Song*, *Deut.* xxxii. 2.

² "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither." — *Deut.* xxxiv. 4.

³ "As he was going to embrace Eleazer and Joshua, and was still discoursing with them, a cloud stood over him on the sudden, and he disappeared in a certain valley, although he wrote in the Holy Books that he died, which was done out of fear, lest they should venture to say that, because of his extraordinary virtue, he went to God." — *Josephus*, book iv. chap. viii.

That, in those furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light —

Thy Grace can send its breathings o'er
The Spirit, dark and lost before,
And, fresh'ning all its depths, prepare
For Truth divine to enter there.

Till David touch'd his sacred lyre,
In silence lay th' unbreathing wire ;
But when he swept its chords along,
Ev'n angels stoop'd to hear that song.

So sleeps the soul, till Thou, oh LORD,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord —
Till, wak'd by Thee, its breath shall rise
In music, worthy of the skies !

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

(AIR. — GERMAN.)

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish —
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying —
“ Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.”

Go, ask the infidel what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts *he* can reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us —
“Earth has no sorrow that GOD cannot heal.”

AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

AWAKE, arise, thy light is come ;¹
The nations, that before outshone thee,
Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb —
The glory of the LORD is on thee !

Arise — the Gentiles to thy ray,
From ev’ry nook of earth shall cluster ;
And kings and princes haste to pay
Their homage to thy rising lustre.²

Lift up thine eyes around, and see,
O’er foreign fields, o’er farthest waters,
Thy exil’d sons return to thee,
To thee return thy home-sick daughters.³

¹ “Arise, shine ; for thy light is come, and the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee.” — *Isaiah*, lx.

² “And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.” — *Ib.*

³ “Lift up thine eyes round about, and see ; all they gather themselves together, they come to thee : thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.” — *Ib.*

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
Shall lay their treasures down before thee ;
And Saba bring her gold and scents,
To fill thy air and sparkle o'er thee.¹

See, who are these that, like a cloud,²
Are gathering from all earth's dominions,
Like doves, long absent, when allow'd
Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions.

Surely the isles shall wait for me,³
The ships of Tarshish round will hover,
To bring thy sons across the sea,
And waft their gold and silver over.

And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace—⁴
The fir, the pine, the palm victorious
Shall beautify our Holy Place,
And make the ground I tread on glorious.

¹ "The multitude of camels shall cover thee ; the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah ; all they from Sheba shall come ; they shall bring gold and incense." — *Isaiah*, lx.

² "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows ?" — *Ib.*

³ "Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them." — *Ib.*

⁴ "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee ; the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary ; and I will make the place of my feet glorious." — *Ib.*

No more shall Discord haunt thy ways,¹
Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation ;
But thou shalt call thy portals, Praise,
And thou shalt name thy walls, Salvation.

The sun no more shall make thee bright,²
Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee ;
But GOD, Himself, shall be thy Light,
And flash eternal glory through thee.

Thy sun shall never more go down ;
A ray, from Heav'n itself descended,
Shall light thy everlasting crown —
Thy days of mourning all are ended.³

My own, elect, and righteous Land !
The Branch, for ever green and vernal,
Which I have planted with this hand —
Live thou shalt in Life eternal.⁴

¹ "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders ; but thou shalt call thy walls, Salvation, and thy gates, Praise." — *Isaiah*, lx.

² "Thy sun shall be no more thy light by day ; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee : but the LORD shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy GOD thy glory." — *Ib.*

³ "Thy sun shall no more go down ; . . . for the LORD shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." — *Ib.*

⁴ "Thy people also shall be all righteous ; they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands." — *Ib.*

THERE IS A BLEAK DESERT.

(AIR. — CRESCENTINI.)

THERE is a bleak Desert, where daylight grows weary
Of wasting its smile on a region so dreary —

What may that Desert be?

'Tis Life, cheerless Life, where the few joys that come
Are lost like that daylight, for 'tis not their home.

There is a lone Pilgrim, before whose faint eyes
The water he pants for but sparkles and flies —

Who may that Pilgrim be?

'Tis Man, hapless Man, through this life tempted on
By fair shining hopes, that in shining are gone.

There is a bright Fountain, through that Desert stealing,
To pure lips alone its refreshment revealing —

What may that Fountain be?

'Tis Truth, holy Truth, that, like springs under ground,
By the gifted of Heaven alone can be found.¹

There is a fair spirit, whose wand hath the spell
To point where those waters in secresy dwell —

Who may that Spirit be?

'Tis Faith, humble Faith, who hath learn'd that, where'er
Her wand bends to worship, the Truth must be there !

¹ In singing, the following line had better be adopted, —

“Can but by the gifted of Heaven be found.”

SINCE FIRST THY WORD.

(AIR. — NICHOLAS FREEMAN.)

SINCE first Thy Word awak'd my heart,
Like new life dawning o'er me,
Where'er I turn mine eyes, Thou art,
All light and love before me.
Nought else I feel, or hear, or see —
All bonds of earth I sever —
Thee, O GOD, and only Thee
I live for, now and ever.

Like him whose fetters dropp'd away
When light shone o'er his prison,¹
My spirit, touch'd by Mercy's ray,
Hath from her chains arisen.
And shall a soul Thou bidst be free,
Return to bondage? — never!
Thee, O GOD, and only Thee
I live for, now and ever.

HARK! 'TIS THE BREEZE.

(AIR. — ROUSSEAU.)

HARK! 'tis the breeze of twilight calling
Earth's weary children to repose;
While, round the couch of Nature falling,
Gently the night's soft curtains close.

¹ "And, behold, the angel of the LORD came upon him, and a light shined in the prison, . . . and his chains fell off from his hands." — *Acts*, xii. 7.

Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining,
Numberless stars, through yonder dark,
Shall look, like eyes of Cherubs shining
From out the veils that hid the Ark.

Guard us, oh Thou, who never sleepest,
Thou who, in silence thron'd above,
Throughout all time, unwearied, keepest
Thy watch of Glory, Pow'r, and Love.
Grant that, beneath thine eye, securely,
Our souls, awhile from life withdrawn,
May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,
Like "sealed fountains," rest till dawn.

WHERE IS YOUR DWELLING, YE SAINTED ?

(AIR. — HASSE.)

WHERE is your dwelling, ye Sainted ?
Through what Elysium more bright
Than fancy or hope ever painted,
Walk ye in glory and light ?
Who the same kingdom inherits ?
Breathes there a soul that may dare
Look to that world of Spirits,
Or hope to dwell with you there ?

Sages ! who, ev'n in exploring
Nature through all her bright ways,
Went, like the Seraphs, adoring,
And veil'd your eyes in the blaze —

Martyrs! who left for our reaping
Truths you had sown in your blood—
Sinners! whom long years of weeping
Chasten'd from evil to good—

Maidens! who, like the young Crescent,
Turning away your pale brows
From earth, and the light of the Present,
Look'd to your Heavenly Spouse—
Say, through what region enchanted,
Walk ye, in Heaven's sweet air?
Say, to what spirits 'tis granted,
Bright souls, to dwell with you there?

HOW LIGHTLY MOUNTS THE MUSE'S WING.

(AIR. — ANONYMOUS.)

How lightly mounts the Muse's wing,
Whose theme is in the skies —
Like morning larks, that sweetest sing
The nearer Heav'n they rise.

Though Love his magic lyre may tune,
Yet ah, the flow'rs he round it wreathes
Were pluck'd beneath pale Passion's moon,
Whose madness in their odour breathes.

How purer far the sacred lute,
Round which Devotion ties
Sweet flowers that turn to heav'nly fruit,
And palm that never dies.

Though War's high-sounding harp may be
Most welcome to the hero's ears,
Alas, his chords of victory
Are wet, all o'er, with human tears.

How far more sweet their numbers run,
Who hymn, like saints above,
No victor, but th' Eternal One,
No trophies but of Love!

GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT.

(AIR. — STEVENSON.)

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,¹
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!
From that time², when the moon upon Ajalon's vale,
Looking motionless down³, saw the kings of the earth,
In the presence of God's mighty Champion, grow pale—
Oh, never had Judah an hour of such mirth!
Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

¹ "And that they should publish and proclaim in all their cities, and in Jerusalem, saying, Go forth unto the mount, and fetch olive-branches," &c. &c. — *Neh.* viii. 15.

² "For since the days of Jeshua the son of Nun unto that day had not the children of Israel done so : and there was very great gladness." — *Neh.* viii. 17.

³ "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." — *Josh.* x. 12.

Bring myrtle and palm — bring the boughs of each tree
 That's worthy to wave o'er the tents of the Free.¹
 From that day, when the footsteps of Israel shone,
 With a light not their own, through the Jordan's deep
 tide,
 Whose waters shrunk back as the Ark glided on —²
 Oh, never had Judah an hour of such pride!
 Go forth to the Mount — bring the olive-branch home,
 And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

IS IT NOT SWEET TO THINK, HEREAFTER.

(AIR. — HAYDN.)

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,
 When the Spirit leaves this sphere,
 Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her
 To those she long hath mourn'd for here?

Hearts, from which 'twas death to sever,
 Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,
 There, as warm, as bright as ever,
 Shall meet us and be lost no more.

¹ "Fetch olive-branches, and pine-branches, and myrtle-branches, and palm-branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths." — *Neh.* viii. 15.

² "And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the LORD stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground." — *Josh.* iii. 17.

When wearily we wander, asking
Of earth and heav'n, where are they,
Beneath whose smile we once lay basking,
Blest, and thinking bliss would stay?

Hope still lifts her radiant finger
Pointing to th' eternal Home,
Upon whose portal yet they linger,
Looking back for us to come.

Alas, alas! doth Hope deceive us?
Shall friendship—love—shall all those ties
That bind a moment, and then leave us,
Be found again where nothing dies?

Oh, if no other boon were given,
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a Heaven
Where all we love shall live again?

WAR AGAINST BABYLON.

(AIR. — NOVELLO.)

“WAR against Babylon!” shout we around,¹
Be our banners through earth unfurl'd;
Rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the sound—²
“War against Babylon!” shout through the world!

¹ “Shout against her round about.” — *Jer.* i. 15.

² “Set ye up a standard in the land, blow the trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations against her, call together against her the kingdoms,” &c. &c. — *Jer.* li. 27.

O thou, that dwellest on many waters,¹
Thy day of pride is ended now ;
And the dark curse of Israel's daughters
Breaks, like a thunder-cloud, over thy brow !
War, war, war against Babylon !

Make bright the arrows, and gather the shields,²
Set the standard of God on high ;
Swarm we, like locusts, o'er all her fields,
“Zion” our watchword, and “vengeance” our cry !
Woe ! woe !—the time of thy visitation³
Is come, proud Land, thy doom is cast—
And the black surge of desolation
Sweeps o'er thy guilty head, at last !
War, war, war against Babylon !

¹ “Oh thou that dwellest upon many waters, . . . thine end is come.” — *Jer.* li. 13.

² “Make bright the arrows ; gather the shields . . . set up the standard upon the walls of Babylon.” — *Jer.* li. 11, 12.

³ “Woe unto them ! for their day is come, the time of their visitation !” — *Jer.* l. 27.

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THE END.

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